

THE ACADEMY.
July 3, 1909

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HIGH POETRY.—BY T. W. H. CROSLAND



THE ACADEMY

WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1939

JULY 3, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

"SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible hitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horse-shoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A second sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd 'horse-shoe' at th' Opera,
Replete with costly bags and matrons fair!
His votresses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts parvenus of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice.

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *tour de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

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LIFE AND LETTERS

We wish to inform our readers that after the issue of July 10th THE ACADEMY will not be obtainable at Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstalls. We withdraw the paper from Messrs. Smith as a matter of public duty. For some months past we have had particular opportunities for acquainting ourselves with the manner in which Messrs. Smith conduct their business, and in view of their position and power in the newspaper trade we have determined to throw public light upon their methods. We shall publish a series of articles on the subject, the titles of which are as follows:

1. AN OPEN LETTER TO THE VISCOUNTESS HAMBLEDEN.
2. "THE PARTNERS."
3. AWDRY, HORNBY, AND HARMSWORTH.
4. HORNBY ON "DECENCY, HONESTY, AND THE PUBLIC INTEREST."
5. AWDRY AS A MAN OF THE WORLD.
6. WHAT YOU BUY AT SMITH'S STALLS.
7. THE MONOPOLY AND THE MUZZLE.
8. SOME PRINTING ACCOUNTS: FIGURES AND COMPARISONS FROM AN OLD LEDGER.
9. THE "CONTROLLER."
10. THE MANNERS OF TEITGENS.
11. AN OPPORTUNITY FOR THE HON. FREDDIE SMITH, M.P.

We trust that our readers will remember that it is ourselves who remove THE ACADEMY from Messrs. Smith's stalls and not Messrs. Smith, who in point of fact would be pleased to retain it. We shall be glad to supply THE ACADEMY direct and post free to readers who are at a distance from a newsagent, and also to supply the names of newsagents who will deliver the paper free of charge. The change in distribution will put us to some expense; but on the whole we shall make a profit by it, as we shall not have Messrs. Smith's heavy commission to pay.

In Thursday's *Standard* there appears a letter written by Mrs. Somervell, Hon. Sec. of the Women's National Anti-Suffrage League, in which she draws the moral from the disgraceful scenes which took place on Tuesday last. We quote the following paragraph from Mrs. Somervell's letter:

We trust no women will be misled by the plea that violence is always needed to bring about reform. It is not true of this country, and men's violence has at least this justification—that they can really fight. "Militant" suffragism is only a fine name for the nagging women taken into public life. The effort and hope are to make men lose their tempers and hurt women, just as the domestic nagger aggravates a man till he loses self-control and then taunts him with hitting a woman. The type of woman who does this is the lowest there is, and the object lesson given to us of how suffragists propose to "raise the tone of politics" makes thousands of us more and more determined to show that these people do not represent us, and shall not have a share in ruling us and our children.

This is well put, and it represents the feeling of practically every decent woman in England. We shall have more to say about the latest exhibition of indecent hysteria exhibited by the Suffragists and their male supporters when the women who are being charged at Bow Street have been finally dealt with. At present the proceedings have been adjourned on a point of law. Mr. Herle, who appeared for the Suffragists, argued that if a constable interfered with the liberty of the subject he had no power as a constable, and any opposition to him would only be opposition to a private citizen. Mr. Herle went on to argue that the women had a clear right to present their petition, and any officer obstructing them was not performing his duty. As the consideration of this point is still *sub judice* we shall not comment upon it, except in so far as to say that we have every confidence in the commonsense of the law. But whether or no Mrs. Pankhurst can make out that she was entitled to present a petition, which the Prime Minister had definitely declined to receive, she will not be able to evade responsibility nor avoid punishment for her cowardly and outrageous assault on Inspector Jarvis, whom she twice struck in the face without the smallest provocation. We sincerely hope that for this scandalous offence Mrs. Pankhurst will be dealt with neither more nor less seriously than any other violent brawling harriidan of the streets. As a rule when women assault the police it will generally be found that they have the excuse of intoxication; and as there seems to be no ground for supposing that Mrs. Pankhurst was in such a state her offence becomes in a sense even more serious. A person who is in a state of intoxication is, as we all know, not entirely responsible for his or her actions; and while it is a disgraceful thing for a woman to get drunk and assault the police, it is even more disgraceful that a sober woman should descend to such conduct.

The discussion of the Finance Bill in the House of Commons would be dismal reading if it were not a foregone conclusion that the Budget proposals of Mr. Lloyd George have not the remotest chance of becoming law. The amount of time and space and the buckets of ink which have been wasted by writers in the various newspapers in speculations as to whether or not the House of Lords has the power to amend or throw out the Budget are appalling to contemplate. As we said many months ago, there is not the smallest doubt whatever that the House of Lords has the power, and there is not the smallest doubt that it will use that power if occasion arises. Anyone who had any doubt on the subject will be relieved to hear that Mr. Frank Harris is quite certain that the House of Lords has no power to throw out

the Budget, and most people will have noticed that the affairs of the world are apt to go on their ordinary course, without any reference whatever to the fantastic opinions of Mr. Frank Harris. This is all the more fortunate, as Mr. Harris not only changes his opinions with startling rapidity, but even goes to the length of having three totally different opinions about the same subject in one number of *Vanity Fair*. But to return to the Budget, it is quite possible that the Lords will not be called upon to exercise their powers. We should not be surprised if at any moment the Government were to withdraw it in spite of their large mechanical majority; but whether or not they adopt this course we are, and always have been, perfectly at ease on the subject, and we should strongly advise people who have capital to invest to seize this favourable opportunity for buying land and brewery shares.

We were under the impression that the *New Age* had ceased to appear; but it seems that we have done our bright contemporary an injustice. It is still appearing, and still apologising, and it has been reduced to the pass of apologising to the *Daily Mirror*. It appears that on April 29th the *Daily Mirror* published a photograph of the convict F. R. King, who has just been sentenced to seven years' penal servitude in connection with the "D. S. Windell frauds." Mr. King was shown in this photograph reading his favourite paper, the *New Age*. The proprietors of this latter publication immediately jumped to the conclusion that the photograph was a "faked" one, and that the *Daily Mirror* had maliciously inserted the name of the *New Age* on the paper which King was reading. They accordingly instructed their solicitors to write to the *Daily Mirror*, demanding an "apology to be approved of by us, in your paper," and also to make "some proposal for compensating our clients for the loss they have sustained through the libel, failing which we have issued instruction to our solicitors to proceed against you." However, in the result the anticipations of the solicitors of the *New Age* were not fulfilled, and poor Mr. Orage found himself in the unpleasant position of having to indite the following humble epistle:

To the Pictorial Newspaper Co., Ltd.,
Proprietors of *The Daily Mirror*,
and to the
Editor of *The Daily Mirror*,
12, Whitefriars Street, E.C.

Gentlemen,—

We now find that the statements we made to you in our solicitors' letters of May 6, 1909, alleging that the words "The New Age" had been printed into a photograph of Mr. F. R. King after it had been taken, and that the same had been knowingly published by you in your issue of *The Daily Mirror* of April 29, 1909, with a view to associating the *New Age* paper in the minds of your readers with persons charged with fraud, are wholly untrue and quite unjustifiable, and we beg hereby unreservedly to withdraw them.

We further beg leave to offer you our sincere apologies for having caused those letters to be written and those statements to be made, and to express our regret for having done so.—Yours faithfully,

(Signed) N. R. ORAGE,
Editor of the *New Age*.

We fail to see why Mr. Orage and the *New Age* should have jumped to the conclusion on such very slender evidence that they were being libelled. The man King and his accomplice Bernard Robert both admitted that they were Socialists, and what could have been more natural than that they should read and admire the *New Age*? The younger of the two convicted men will be "out and about" again in eighteen months, so that there is just a bare possibility that his re-entry into a cold and unsympathetic world will be

solaced by the opportunity of once more perusing the columns of his favourite journal. But as for poor Mr. King, will he ever see the *New Age* again? Seven years is a long time, and the present wave of Socialism, which reached its high water mark about two years ago, is subsiding with tremendous rapidity. Still, we must hope for the best, and so must Mr. Orage.

The Radical Press and the supporters of the Radical party, among whom we suppose we must include Mr. Frank Harris, seem to imagine that Mr. Lloyd George has achieved a remarkable "score" off Lord Rothschild. In *Vanity Fair* we are informed that "Mr. Lloyd George has answered Lord Rothschild in a way that must really make Nathaniel wish that he had kept his foolish criticism to himself." *Vanity Fair* then goes on to quote Mr. Lloyd George's idiotic remarks, which conclude as follows: "Are all the roads of progress to be blocked by the notice, 'No thoroughfare—by order, Nathaniel Rothschild?'" (loud laughter), and Mr. Harris's comment is "No wonder the laughter was loud!" Neither Mr. Lloyd George nor Mr. Harris nor any of the scribes in the Radical papers seems to be aware that a peer does not use his Christian or front name in his signature, and while we, for our part, do not approve of the granting of peerages to Jewish financiers, it cannot be denied that Lord Rothschild is a peer; and consequently to imagine that he would sign his name "Nathaniel Rothschild" is the height of ignorance, and it is almost incredible that Mr. Lloyd George should have lived all these years and actually reached the position of a freak Chancellor of the Exchequer to a freak Government without finding out what is a matter of common knowledge. Quite apart from its lamentable display of ignorance, Mr. Lloyd George's attack on Lord Rothschild was pointless and foolish, and the state of mind of people who can bring themselves to indulge in loud laughter over such schoolboy tomfoolery must truly be a lamentable one.

The celebrated Mr. Max Beerbohm would appear to require a feed of hay. In any case, for sheer sesquipedalian silliness we may commend people who are foolish enough to read the *Saturday Review* to Mr. Beerbohm's "Note on St. John Hankin." The tender Maximilian begins as follows: "His death by his own hand was for his friends not less a surprise than a grief." There is epigram for you, not to say paradox, and not to say brainlessness. Further on we read: "He can have made but little money out of his plays. But he was in no need of money, and so astute a seer of things as he must have known well that his plays were not of a kind that could ever be lucrative. He had had no need to court popularity, had been able to do his own work in his own way, and had won the reward of general esteem among artists and critics." Think of those "buts" and "had had" from the superior *Saturday* and the meticulous Max! Of course, Max's tribute to the late Mr. Hankin is well meant; but seeing that it runs to little more than twenty lines of print, none of them more dazzling from a literary point of view than the lines we have quoted, it seems to us just possible that Mr. Hankin could have done without it. Probably Mr. Beerbohm was not feeling very well when he wrote it; and possibly Mr. Hodge forgot to edit it.

And right in the middle of his note Mr. Beerbohm goes out of his way to favour us with his views about what he is pleased to call "the suicide of John Davidson." Practically every statement Mr. Beerbohm makes about Davidson is an unintelligent statement.

Max presumes Davidson to have committed suicide—"suicide it must be," he says, because "there is no hope now" that Davidson "is hiding somewhere." The admirable logic of this proposition would be admired by every school man. Then Max goes on to inform us that "Davidson was very poor, and was weighted with heavy responsibilities." Davidson's income from the State was one hundred and fifty pounds a year, and it is safe to presume that his income from journalism and the sale of his books brought him in another hundred and fifty a year. Mr. Max Beerbohm has lived and moved very gloriously on a less income. Why does he weep? And he would not like us to write him down in print for a very poor man. We are also assured by this same Max that Davidson had "a great message" and that "mankind paid him no attention, except in murmuring how pretty his 'Fleet Street Eclogues' had been, and what a pity it was he had lost that agreeable knack." So that we are to assume that Mr. Max Beerbohm is another of the wild and whirling persons who mistake the impudent Atheism and idiotic materialism of Hyde Park for a great message when you show it to them in middling blank verse. Mr. Beerbohm asserts that he hopes posterity "will discover that his—meaning Mr. Davidson's—message was a really great message." For our part we can assure the hopeful Max that he need not hope any more. And we should also like to point out to him that a person who can write "his was really a great message" is obviously very small potatoes where criticism is concerned. The location belongs to the female fictionists of the *Daily Mail*. But then, again, Max is an ex-contributor to the *Daily Mail*, just as his colleague who "does" the music on the *Saturday* is the ex-literary editor of the abounding Harmsworth organ.

After booming "Mr. Wright, of Olney," in and out of season our old friend Clement Shorter writes the appended beautiful words:

For anyone it would add a terror to death to be preached at and moralised over by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson as was Edward Fitzgerald. One knows not whether that is a more awful fate than to be "biographed" by Mr. Thomas Wright, of Olney.

We are glad to see that Mr. Shorter profits by a steady perusal of THE ACADEMY. On the other hand, THE ACADEMY never taught him to write such a sentence as: "For anyone it would add a terror to death to be preached at and moralised over by Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson." And it certainly never taught him to turn suddenly round on even Mr. Thomas Wright without first confessing that for a consideration he annotated at least one of Mr. Wright's priceless productions. One way and another, some of us are likely to hand down to posterity a pretty precious pot of pickings.

Egged on by the usual enterprising publisher, another young woman has entered the lists for a tilt against the poor human man. The lady (we say lady advisedly) is a lady of a delicate mind. She calls her book "Marriage as a Trade," and she has filled it with the sour platitudes which is the stock in trade of the uncourtable spinster. Not many years ago there was a nigger in Brighton who conducted "revival services" on the beach. On a certain Sunday morning our coloured gentleman deemed it necessary to pray for the Archbishop of Canterbury; and, after painting his Grace in many colours, he ejaculated in the deepest of bass tones: "Softener his heart, Lord!" We should like that nigger to pray for Miss Cicely Hamilton.

THE DREAM

"I have been a youth and a maiden, and a bush and a bird, and a gleaming fish in the sea."—EMPEDOCLES.

I HAVE drunk of all waters; all things now
I know; within the sea immutable
A bubble; pitted clay beside the well,
A serpent-haunted stone of secret vow;
The new wine of the earth that lifts the bough,
A cold, crowned rush was I, a gleaming fish,
A ceryl-bird; I dipped in many a dish
As man and maid, beneath the Crooked Plough;
And for a moment, in an arch of light,
Out of the stream of drifting bitterness
I have beheld the unending retinue
In secret issuing from the low and less
Stream like a vision, and glitter out of sight,
Where all the things that were, are born anew.
M. JOURDAIN.

HIGH POETRY

ON June 12th Mr. Spender, of the *Westminster Gazette*, published in his journal what purported to be a review of Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets." The reviewer, who may or may not have been Mr. Spender himself, began his notice with a quotation from a note which accompanies the "Sonnets." We reproduce the quotation: "Leaving out Shakespeare, who is a sonneteer to himself, Milton gave us a few good sonnets; Keats has given us a similar few; and the same holds true of Wordsworth, of Matthew Arnold, of Rossetti, and of Swinburne. To this general few . . . a good number of the sonnets in the present book must be added. Several of them will stand on their pure merits so long as the English language is understood." Where the good, honest *Westminster* put three full-stops, the original note has certain words, which words are "probably not a hundred all told." It is strange that the *Westminster's* reviewer should have omitted those words, though we do not claim that they are essential. Obviously it was quite open for the *Westminster* to quote, and to base upon its quotation such comments as might be necessary for its criticism. In point of fact, however, the *Westminster* quoted and pretended at length to refute, but on being pressed refuses to refute flatly and in terms. In a letter on the subject which was addressed to the editor of the *Westminster Gazette* we set forward the facts, and we added: "At a moment when the question of the proper recognition of poetry by reviewers is being so widely discussed it seems highly desirable that spurious critical coin, whether it be ours or the *Westminster's* reviewer's, should be nailed to the counter." The letter was a perfectly civil and reasonable letter, arising out of and rendered necessary by the *Westminster's* remarks; but Mr. Spender could not summon up enough pluck to print it, and we must consequently conclude that he knows in his heart that we are right, and that his reviewer was wrong, and that the editor of the *Westminster* has, in fact, offered his readers spurious critical coin. It is still open for Mr. Spender to justify, but, failing such justification, we shall merely say that he has deliberately caused to be printed a review which will not bear examination as a piece of criticism and which absolutely misrepresents the nature and character of Lord Alfred Douglas's work. The value of the *Westminster's* reviewing is rendered painfully evident when we come to consider its notice of Mr. Justice Darling's new book of "Poems," wherein Mr. Justice Darling

is treated by innuendo to the flattery that he can write a sonnet, just as Lord Alfred Douglas has been treated by innuendo to the suggestion that he cannot write a sonnet. We shall venture to reproduce from Mr. Justice Darling's volume a sonnet which the *Westminster Gazette* professes to find "admirable":

ON J. McNEILL WHISTLER.

Thou much mistaking, more misunderstood,
 Limner of views unseen save in the mind;
 Instant the subject, to th' objective blind;
 Not holding aught as we behold it good;
 Thy soul enshrouding, as beneath a hood
 Drawn o'er the face; though fain to love thy kind,
 Glad of a foe, where friends are few to find,
 Made bold by fear that all advance withstood.
 A symphony, of discords sweet confused;
 Of notes that on thy palette struck became
 Pale tints, whose tone thou only couldst discern;
 For which distinction was thy gift abused.
 Now far aloft, secure in constant fame,
 All see thee shine, pale star, in Time's nocturne.

Which, on the whole, reminds us of a barbed wire fence, rather than of a sonnet. However, it is perhaps unfair to Mr. Justice Darling to draw him into the *Westminster Gazette's* foolishness, particularly as his Lordship will doubtless have seen as far into the true inwardness of the business as we do. The real trouble of Mr. Spender appears to be that it has been suggested that some of the sonnets in Lord Alfred Douglas's book are as good as some of the sonnets of Milton. From the *Westminster's* point of view such a suggestion is terrible; so terrible, in fact, that the *Westminster* will not rebut or deny the truth of it. The *Westminster* appears to imagine that Milton must have written thousands of good sonnets. In point of fact, he did not write half a dozen that were worth writing. Here is a presentable sonnet of Milton:

O nightingale, that on yon bloomy spray
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still;
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill,
 While the jolly Hours lead on propitious May;
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love; O if Jove's will
 Have link'd that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretel my hopeless doom in some grove nigh;
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reasons why:
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

And here is a sonnet of Douglas:

My thoughts like bees explore all sweetest things
 To fill for you the honeycomb of praise,
 Linger in roses and white jasmine sprays,
 And marigolds that stand in yellow rings.
 In the blue air they moan on muted strings,
 And the blue sky of my soul's summer days
 Shines with your light, and through pale violet ways,
 Birds bear your name in beatings of their wings.
 I see you all bedecked in bows of rain,
 New showers of rain against new-risen suns,
 New tears against new light of shining joy.
 My youth, equipped to go, turns back again,
 Throws down its heavy pack of years and runs
 Back to the golden house a golden boy.

Let us for a moment sink the names and say, without fear or favour, which is the better poetry. And if the *Westminster* would like a further comparison, here are Milton and Douglas, each in what we may term the mood of invective:

I did but prompt the age to quit their clogs
 By the known rules of ancient liberty,
 When straight a barbarous noise environs me
 Of owls and cuckoos, asses, apes and dogs:
 As when those hinds that were transform'd to frogs
 Rail'd at Latona's twin-born progeny,
 Which after held the sun and moon in fee.
 But this is got by casting pearl to hogs;

That bawl for freedom in their senseless mood,
 And still revolt when truth would set them free.
 Licence they mean when they cry Liberty;
 For who loves that, must first be wise and good;
 But from that mark how far they rove we see,
 For all this waste of wealth, and loss of blood.

Cast out my soul the broken covenant,
 Forget the pitiable masquerade,
 And that ignoble part ignobly played.
 Let us take shame that such a mummer's rant
 Of noble things, could pierce the adamant
 Of Pride wherewith we ever were arrayed,
 And being with a kiss once more betrayed,
 Let not our tears honour that sycophant.

Let him, on graves of buried loyalty,
 Rise as he may to his desired goal;
 Ay and God speed him there; I grudge him not.
 And when all men shall sing his praise to me
 I'll not gainsay. But I shall know his soul
 Lies in the bosom of Iscariot.

If Milton had happened to write the second of these sonnets and Douglas the first there might have been reason for dolour on the part of the *Westminster*. As it is, nobody in his senses can question which of them is the sounder, more creditable and more poetical work. The *Westminster Gazette* is anxious that we should compare Lord Alfred Douglas with Shakespeare. Purely for the purpose of obliging a contemporary in a difficulty we will hazard such a comparison. The *Westminster* has quite properly a high opinion of the following:

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wails my dear time's waste:
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long since cancell'd woe,
 And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight:
 Then can I grieve at grievances forgone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored and sorrows end.

With equal propriety we for our part have a great respect for the following:

When in dim dreams I trace the tangled maze
 Of the old years that held and fashioned me,
 And to the sad assize of Memory
 From the wan roads and misty time-trod ways,
 The timid ghosts of dead forgotten days
 Gather to hold their piteous colloquy,
 Chiefly my soul bemoans the lack of thee
 And those lost seasons empty of thy praise.

Yet surely thou wast there when life was sweet,
 (We walked knee-deep in flowers) and thou wast there,
 When in dismay and sorrow and unrest,
 With weak bruised hands and wounded bleeding feet,
 I fought with beasts and wrestled with despair
 And slept (how else?) upon thine unseen breast.

The worst complaint that can be brought against this latter sonnet is that it happens to be quite as good as the *Westminster's* choice out of Shakespeare. And, what is more, it has got a poetical idea in it which, on the whole, is more of a poetical idea than the idea contained in the Shakespeare specimen. In quoting at length, as we have done from Lord Alfred Douglas's "Sonnets," we have not taken by any means the best work the book contains. Nobody reading the *Westminster's* notice would have imagined that the "Sonnets" included anything in the way of even passable performance. The *Westminster* reviewer dare not quote at length, because if he had so quoted he would have been convicted for a dull and unseeing person, if not for a malicious carper, out of

his own mouth. So much for the literary opinions of Mr. Spender.

A smaller and lesser critical twitterer, though hailing from the same Newnes nest, is the almighty gentleman who edits a paper called *Country Life*. This young man assures us that he has paid Lord Alfred Douglas a high compliment by reviewing the "Sonnets" in his bucolic sheet, and that he has been at great expense to secure a reviewer who is an expert on the sonnet form. We do not doubt what he tells us about his reviewer. *Country Life* is careful to assert that Lord Alfred Douglas is a genuine and recognised poet. And then it goes on to demonstrate by impudent assertion that he cannot possibly be anything of the kind. As a sample of the wit and taste of *Country Life's* expert we may take the following paragraph:

Lines such as:

Alas! that Time should war against Distress
And numb the sweet ache of remembered loss

seem to have but one genesis; and yet how false the emotion and how forced the passion when compared with Wordsworth when he begins that cry of regret:

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—
I turn'd to share the transport—O with whom.

Why is the emotion in the first two lines false and the passion forced; and why is the emotion in the second two lines sincere and the passion unforced? There is no reason at all, except that *Country Life's* expert chooses to say so and feels safe when he hides himself behind the great name of Wordsworth. Without passing an opinion as to the merits or demerits of the Douglas lines we will take the trouble to assure *Country Life's* expert that Wordsworth wrote, on occasion, a good deal worse sonnets than even Mr. Justice Darling's Whistler effort, and that the two lines he quotes are jerky and cacophonous and forced to a degree. And it is bringing criticism to a pretty pass when an expert on the sonnet form can say unblushingly, even in *Country Life*, that it is a pity Lord Alfred Douglas does not offer us in this book of "Sonnets" verses like:

He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

Ah, Christ, that it were possible
For one short hour to see
The souls we loved, that they might tell us
What and where they be.

This is milk from the milkcan with a vengeance, not to say milk from the cocoanuts. Such criticism would apply with equal force to any poet upon whom fools may choose to fix it. Here is Milton:

Who shall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottomed infinite abyss,
And through the palpable obscure find out
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight
Upborne with indefatigable wings
Over the vast abrupt, till he arrive
The happy isle?

Why did not Milton say "Ah, Christ, that it were possible for one short hour to see," etc. Or instead of:

There's not the smallest orb that thou beholdest
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim—

which, from *Country Life's* expert's point of view, would amount to an exaggerated and fancy expression, why did not Shakespeare say: "He prayeth best who loveth best all things both great and small"?

Finally the gentleman pours from his milkcan the following extraordinary words: "Lord Alfred Douglas would do well to read the works of his great countrymen, Sir Walter Scott and Robert Burns, and from them he would learn the lessons—Nature teaches her true sons, be they poets or peasants or peers—sincerity, simplicity and genuine passion." Marvelous! Whatever crumbs of information Lord Alfred might be able to glean from a perusal of the works of his "great countrymen," it is pretty certain that he has nothing to learn about sonnets from his great contemporaries on the *Westminster* and *Country Life*. "But this is got by casting pearls to hogs."

T. W. H. CROSLAND.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON AND THE COTSWOLDS

FROM the Gulf to the Lewerwin, Australia echoes with the music of Gordon's verses. They may not be poetry in the ears of all men, but the Bushman holds Gordon as a little lower than Shakespeare and far more understandable. For did not the Poet Laureate of the Centaurs set his poems to music loved of Australians—the harmonies of hoof-beats? The Australian lad who knows little (except all that can be known about a horse) knows his Gordon from purple cover to purple cover. And the educated inhabitant of Cheltenham has never heard of Gordon. Yet Gordon from earliest infancy lived in Cheltenham and did not leave it till he was twenty years of age. His best-known poem, "How we beat the Favourite," is a lay of the Loamshire or Cotswold Hunt Cup. Cheltenham has erected a monument over the grave of poor Stevens in the cemetery.

"Aye, squire," said Stevens, "they back him at evens, The race is all over, bar shouting, they say."

Stevens's greater friend, Gordon's, race is over, shouting and all, as far as the Cotswold country is concerned. Only a very few Cheltenham men remember Lindsay at all; some remember hearing their fathers speak of him. A moss-grown stone slab covers his parents' and sisters' graves in Trinity Churchyard. Even this one discovers by chance: no one seems able to point it out. So the scapegrace who was expelled from Cheltenham College, and rode and sang himself to fame at the Antipodes, seems almost forgotten in his childhood's home. There is an old cemetery at the bottom of the High Street, and the caretaker, erstwhile "well known in sporting circles," expressed his surprise that folks had not heard of him, though he "had come down to this." He kept an inn at the bottom of the town, taught boxing, and had prize fights there. He had never heard of Thomas Haynes Bayley when we sought out his grave (though now he shows it off as that of "the great song-writer"). But one grave he tends with pious care; that of Jem Edwards, the "Earwig," who "was never beaten," according to the old prize fighter, and "on his death-bed he said that the fight with death was the hardest fight of all." Death conquered soon, for Jem died of consumption at the age of 36. Lindsay Gordon made Jem's acquaintance and had the advantage of "setting to" with the champion of the lightweights, acknowledged to be the most scientific pugilist that ever stepped into a ring. If one sought for information about Jem Edwards apparently we could get enough, but poetry and poets are even more drugs in the market in Cheltenham than elsewhere. Gordon also, through his friend, "Tom Olliver," got to know Tom Sayers, the future champion of England. "Young Gordon, who was tall and well-knit, used to exercise Tom Sayers with the gloves, and soon became something more than a mere 'chopping block.' The apt pupil soon began to operate on

occasional antagonists and gave such severe lectures on heads as caused him to be regarded with respect as a delineator of the science. This . . . proved his bane, and he was 'scratched for all his engagements' at Cheltenham College." Gordon often hunted with the Cotswold Hounds. His mounts were generally borrowed from "Black Tom Olliver" or Stevens, but he became so well known as a reckless rider that he found it hard to get a mount. Gordon's few remaining friends in Cheltenham—indeed, most Englishmen who have written about him—do not think much of his riding. Yet he was regarded in Australia as the best amateur rider of his day. Gordon introduces some well-known Cheltenham names into "By Flood and Field: a Legend of the Cotswold":

I remember the wintry morn,
And the mist on the Cotswold Hills,
Where I once heard the blast of the huntsman's horn,
Not far from the seven rills.
Jack Esdale was there, and Hugh St. Clair,
Bob Chapman, and Andrew Kerr,
And big George Griffiths on Devil-may-care,
And black Tom Olliver—

Gordon took the effect out of adverse criticism on the part of the rest of his comrades by severely criticising himself. For instance:

There's lots of refusing, and falls, and mishaps,
"Who's down on the chestnut? He's hurt himself, p'raps."
"Oh, it's 'Lindsay the Lanky,'" says hard-riding Bob,
"He's luckily saved Mr. Calcraft a job."

An old friend of Gordon's wrote of "Flood and Field": "This is rather a hyperbolical account of a fox-hunt on the Cotswold Hills. Gordon had very little experience with foxhounds, for he left England before he had reached maturity and he could not afford good mounts. The country which he describes is not to be found in the Cotswolds, nor could a horse be discovered who could jump out of a bog, over a stream and a big stone wall, and shove to the front of the field. This sort of thing was probably suited to his Antipodean audience, for it reads splendidly."

Nevertheless, Whyte Melville (a great authority on Cotswold hunting, as well as a novelist) was content to begin each chapter of a sporting novel with a quotation from Gordon. To him Gordon dedicated "Bush Ballads and Galloping Rhymes."

The son of an old friend of Gordon's wrote as follows: "Gordon was, I think, at the College, and lived with his mother and sister, 'all of them very tall and thin.' He was a regular attendant at the house of a noted pugilist (Edwards, 'the Earwig'), some time in classic Rutland Street and later at the 'Roebuck' in Lower High Street. Although very near-sighted he rode well and straight in the hunting field, and on one occasion won a steeplechase over the walls at Birdlip. He was capital company and very popular. Acrostics were then much the fashion, and my father always claimed to have first set Gordon versifying. Anyhow, they were much thrown together in theatrical performances at the then theatre (I think the Old Wells Theatre)."

Another (actually a contemporary) writes: "I remember when quite a lad being introduced to Gordon. . . . I look back over the fifty years or so and recall the charm of a personality not easily forgotten."

A writer in the *Cheltenham Examiner* (to which Gordon sent his earliest poems) says: "When I look at the stone at Southam which marks the place where George Stevens met with his fatal accident I think, with a feeling of regret, how Gordon in his later days would have welcomed a similar fate. But should there not be some monument in the town of his youth?"

Gordon yearned after the Cotswold county, where

he had spent his happiest years. The cattle bells in the bush reminded him of the old church bells:

Hark, the bells on distant cattle
Waft across the range,
Through the golden-tufted wattle,
Music low and strange;
Like the marriage peal of fairies,
Comes the tinkling sound,
As like chimes of sweet St. Mary's
On far English ground.

After his death the pathetic lines, "To my Sister," were found among his papers. They are said to have been written in memory of a sister named Inez, who died before he left Cheltenham. The sisters buried in Trinity Churchyard are Theodora and Ada Mary. One stands by that forgotten grave and tries to call spirits from the vasty deep. There is the mother, Harriet Gordon, the stately dame

Who oft would chide with me.
She saith my riot bringeth shame,
And stains my pedigree.

Perchance my mother will recall
My memory with a sigh.

Then there is Harriet Gordon's cousin and husband, Adam Durnford Gordon, who, once an officer of Irregular Cavalry in India, turned college master in later life and taught the Cheltenham boys Hindustani. A fine handful his son and pupil must have been to him, yet he always seems to have treated him with great kindness:

Oh! tell me, Father mine, ere the good ships cross'd the brine,
On the gangway one mute hand-grip we exchange'd.
Do you past the grave employ, for your wild and reckless boy,
Those petitions that in life were ne'er estranged.

Perhaps Theodora was the sister mentioned in "Early Adieux":

My gentle sister's tears may fall,
And dim her laughing eye.

But thou, from whom for aye to part
Grieves more than tongue can tell,
May heaven preserve thy guileless heart,
Sweet sister, fare thee well.

No one seems to know who was Gordon's first love:

Oh! whisper, buried love, is there rest and peace above?
There is little hope and comfort here below.
On your sweet face lies the mould and your bed is straight and cold,
Near the haven where the sea-tides ebb and flow.

Gordon is rightly called an Australian poet, for his later verses breathe of the scented silences of the Bush. He has put into words the haunting fragrance of the wattle tree and all the aromatic fragrance, the ecstasy of melancholy not found elsewhere. Yet is it right or fitting that he should be well-nigh forgotten in the town where he spent more than half of his short life? He has more monuments than he wanted in Australia and none in the Cotswold country.

The deep blue skies wax dusky,
And the tall green trees grow dim,
The sward beneath me seems to heave and fall,
And sickly, smoky shadows through the sleepy sunlight swim,
And on the very sun's face weave their pall.
Let me slumber in the hollow where the wattle blossoms wave,
With never stone or rail to fence my bed;
Should the sturdy station children pull the bush flowers on my grave,
I may chance to hear them romping overhead.

REVIEWS

FAITH HEALING

Body and Soul. By PERCY DEARMER, M.A. (Sir Isaac Pitman and Sons, 6s.)

THE healing of diseases by other than the ordinary medical means is an old-world story.

The *Ebers Papyrus* speaks of the laying-on of hands as practised in Egypt prior to 1552 B.C. Some like form of hand-healing was known to *Solon*:

τὸν δὲ κακῶς νοῦσουςι κυκλόμενον ἀργαλεῖς τε
ἀψόμενος χεῖροιν αἴψα τίθησ' ὕγιῃ.

Martial, Pliny, Tacitus, and others have references to various forms of nerve stimulation. Asclepiades induced hypnosis by friction, and in the British museum may be seen a bas-relief from a tomb in Thebes, which represents a man apparently making what we should call "mesmeric passes" over his patient.

About the period of the Renaissance in Europe many learned men began to evolve from these phenomena some kind of scientific system, based on the thesis that the human will has the power of effective control over the minds and organisms of other persons. In our own time there has arisen a wild and extravagant doctrine known as "Christian Science," which is as little scientific as Christian. The terrible results of its false teaching have been recently exposed by Dr. Stephen Paget in his "Faith and Works of Christian Science." And by a happy coincidence, this valuable book by Mr. Percy Dearmer has appeared at the same time, in which the talented author presents the true attitude of the Christian Faith towards spiritual healing. Mr. Dearmer divides his work into four parts—I. A general review of the physiological relation of mind and body; II. Faith-healing in the New Testament; III. Faith-healing from the second century to modern times; IV. The present day.

In the first part, the most interesting chapters are those which treat of what Mr. Dearmer rather happily calls the *Undermind*, a convenient and useful word for the subliminal or supraliminal consciousness of scientific terminology, generally used since psychologists in 1886 formulated their demonstration of the subconscious self.

Hypnotism has too long been regarded askance by the medical profession, but it has been largely through the amazing results of hypnosis that the latent powers of the subconscious self or undermind have been clearly proved. The school of Nancy founded by Liébeault and Bernheim, was really based on the hitherto despised investigations of Braid and others, while in England, the British Medical Association in 1890, at their Birmingham meeting, appointed a committee to investigate hypnotism. This committee, two years later, reported that "they had satisfied themselves as to the genuine nature of hypnotic phenomena, and the value of hypnotism as a therapeutic agent."

We have little doubt that a time will come when a like report may be made of spiritual or faith-healing. Mr. Dearmer says:

Our English doctors complain much of the existence of quacks; but is not their existence largely due to the fact that in England we are so far behind in mental therapeutics?

And with regard to the common objection that neither faith nor hypnotism can cure organic diseases, or the old contention that "a man cannot by faith grow a new leg," Mr. Dearmer pertinently observes:

This is impossible because it is against the laws whereby God causes us to be men; if we were lobsters the feat would be too common to excite remark. But we are not; we have proceeded on other and higher lines of evolution; and if grace enabled us to act in this crustaceous manner it would distort and

degrade the laws of our humanity. Better far to hop about on crutches than to have the soul of a crab.

In the succeeding chapters on the "Neurotic theory of Mind-cure," Mr. Dearmer points out the widening belief in medical circles, combined with the limitation of mind-cure to functional nerve diseases. Even were the limitation granted, religion should have an important place in psycho-therapeutics. But Mr. Dearmer, very reasonably, we think, is far from conceding the limitation:

If it be true that a ruptured or decayed neuron cannot be built up again, . . . then such organic nervous disease is indeed incurable by mind, but then it is equally incurable by any other method, but the assumption that organic nervous disease is incurable may well prove to be untrue. We really know but little as yet about the matter.

Mr. Dearmer quotes Professor Forel, of Zurich, to show how physical disturbances amounting to disease in vast numbers of instances are produced through the brain by ideas and emotions, and observes that

There is no restriction to things neurotic in the production of disease by the mind, and neither is there any such restriction in the removal of disease by the mind.

Mr. Dearmer's discussion of the "miracles" in the New Testament is especially interesting. He notes what Origen pointed out, that the word "miracle" "has no equivalent in the reported sayings of our Lord. The words invariably used are *σημεῖα* (signs), *δυνάμεις* (powers), *ἔργα* (works). Miracles are not supernatural. Nothing is, and nothing ever was," as St. Augustin said, *Portentum ergo fit non contra naturam, sed contra quam est Nota natura*.

Very well drawn out is the oft-forgotten truth that Christ's mission was to men's bodies as well as to their souls. So should the Church's mission be to-day as always. The revival of faith should also be a revival of spiritual healing. To many whose views of pain are confused because of the necessity for sacrifice in this imperfect world, it will come with something of the force of a new revelation to learn that

The evangelical signs tell us that sickness is not the will of God; because God is the author of health, and the spreading of His power is the quenching of sickness.

We may bear pain with Christian fortitude, as we may meet temptation with Christian manliness. Pain and sickness, as well as temptation to sin, may alike develop Christian character in the evolution of perfection. But we have no right to say that either pain or sin are the will of God.

On the other hand, the attitude of Christian Faith towards the problem of pain, and the relief of suffering is very different from that appalling selfishness found to-day in "whole schools of thought to whom the last word of a really spiritual religion is that people should murmur to themselves 'Health, Wealth, and Beauty' while they are dressing in the morning." Very necessary are the writer's warnings against the widely circulated books (largely American) which teach the doctrine of a moneyed and magnified egoism, of the realm I AM—I AM power—I AM wisdom—I AM love—I AM money—but the reader is referred to Towne's "Joy and Philosophy" for the full expression of this vile degradation.

Over against this individualistic materialism and some prevalent scepticism, it is refreshing to find Mr. Dearmer's optimistic view that

the great ages of faith are still before us . . . because our faith is being regenerated in reason, and we are learning again with a profounder confidence that the spiritual energy which was displayed in the life of Christ is about us now, working

by the same laws, accomplishing the same miracles of conversion and healing—real as nothing else is real—bestowing new life on body and soul.

This Gospel of Christian psychotherapeutics Mr. Dearmer shows in the third part of his book to have permeated the Church in varying degrees through all the centuries, but to have declined in England in the face of rationalistic materialism.

The last section deals with the revival in the Anglican Church of the Apostolic rite of anointing the sick, not as a preparation of expected death, but with the prayer of Faith as a means of restoration.

We believe that a small hospital for faith-healing in connection with the Anglican Church has recently been opened in London, somewhat similar to the psychotherapeutic clinic of Emmanuel Church, Boston, U.S.A.

The great value of Mr. Dearmer's most interesting and thoughtful book lies in its deep conviction of Christian Faith springing from Divine source as an objective spiritual power. This view is deliberately controverted by the scientific materialist, as might be expected, who merely sees in "Christian Science" or in Faith-healing in the Church, another form of hypnotic suggestion to the sub-conscious self, of which prayer is the mechanical agent.

Dr. Henry Rutgers Marshall, of New York, goes so far as to say that all such methods in the name of religion are merely as "arts of magic" which the awakened intellect must disregard. (See *Hibbert Journal*, for January.) But Mr. Dearmer appeals to the faith of millions when he says that the inner-health movement,

though it often speaks the language of heresy, is really a return to a forgotten orthodoxy with which we are much concerned, because it is a restoration of the original Christian idea.

We believe that no one who reads this most opportune and interesting book will be disappointed, whatever his views. It is admirably planned and well written, seasoned throughout with a delightful savour of the salt of wit and humour.

THE GEORGIAN ERA

Wits, Beaux and Beauties of the Georgian Era. By JOHN FYVIE. (Lane, 12s. 6d.)

It is very certain that we have no excuse nowadays for ignorance as to the famous persons of the last century or two, their doings, good and bad, and their influence upon their own periods. Book after book appears, biographical, chatty, written in a popular and attractive manner, and in a great many instances it is to be feared that these volumes consist of an excavation of dead scandals with just sufficient material of useful biography as shall serve to keep the reader convinced that he is engaged in the study of history. Such books, pandering as they do to the prurient person—who is much in evidence at the present time—are no more worthy of the name of literature, however daintily and even beautifully they may be covered, than are the preposterous stories by immature experimentalists in the sickly art of eroticism. To any unprejudiced student of the prevalent state of affairs in the reading world they form an unpleasant, and it is to be hoped ephemeral, sign of the times.

The book before us, we are glad to say, cannot be classed with these specious histories, although its title might have covered a multitude of sins. In any account of the prominent people of the Georgian times some few scandals must, of course, have their place as mere matters of truthful recording, but such intrigues as here are taken note of are incidental and secondary. Mr. Fyvie has compiled quite a surprising amount of

information about the characters he has chosen and arranged it in a lucid and interesting manner. The work of writing such a book implies a considerable amount of taste in selection if we find it done in a pleasing way, for the number of wits, beaux, and beauties whose shades might conceivably be disappointed at not finding their bodily originals represented in the collection must be very large. In a neat preface the author pictures vividly for his readers the points wherein the London of the Georgian era differed from the great, overgrown city that we know so well, or try to know; he gives, too, a succinct account of the customs which obtained and the vagaries of dress which made the gentlemen objects of admiration.

The society beau was a most gorgeous and resplendent person. Balanced on the top of his wig was a gold-laced, three-cornered hat; his square-cut coat, often of coloured velvet, sometimes of white satin, was heavily laced and embroidered; his huge waistcoat was also laced, or else embroidered in coloured silks; he wore a lace neckcloth, lace ruffles at his wrists, knee breeches of velvet or satin, silk stockings, and shoes which had gold or silver buckles, sometimes set with diamonds. . . . There was a different dress for every grade in society. The clergyman dressed in black, with a wig and a cassock, a flowing gown, and long Geneva bands. The attorney and physician also dressed in black; but nobody could mistake the parson's wig for the lawyer's, or the lawyer's for the physician's. The sober citizen of London wore a black coat, lace ruffles, white frilled shirt, a dark, full-bottomed wig, brown stockings, and perhaps silver buckles in his shoes. Each craftsman or mechanic had a sort of uniform peculiar to his trade; and every one of them wore an apron.

Bearing this introductory chapter in mind, the rest of the book becomes more pleasant, the differences of the times being taken into account. The first wit and beau—he was a beauty, too, if we allow ourselves a colloquialism—is Samuel Foote, the actor, and the sketch of his life is one of the best portions of the book. Some extracts from his letters make fascinating reading, and in spite of the plentiful information about Foote which is accessible to everybody, Mr. Fyvie has succeeded in being quite original in his treatment, although we need not place him on a high level as a critic; to be more than an interpreter of the foibles and fancies of his subjects does not, we fancy, enter into his plan of procedure. Foote's humour and sharp retorts are fully illustrated. Some of them sound rather weak, but they were doubtless smart enough when reinforced by his personality. His nature was such that nobody seems to have been seriously offended, even when he pilloried notorious persons in his plays, although on several occasions the merry man had near escapes of chastisement. "Of what use is it to be angry with him," said one who had reason to be offended, "when within five minutes he would have laughed me into good humour?" His closest shave of a beating, perhaps, was when the redoubtable Dr. Johnson purchased a stout oaken cudgel for his back. Fortunately, however, Foote heard of what was coming and refrained from making sport of the doctor.

George Augustus Selwyn and the Rev. John Warner, are two other notabilities of whom accounts are given, and on the side of the ladies we have Melesina Trench, whose letters Edward Fitzgerald pronounced to be "next best to Walpole and Cowper in our language," and the Duchess of Kingston, whose extraordinary career reads more like the wild flight of some novelist's imagination than a piece of proven historical fact. To give a *résumé* of all his chapters would be unfair to the author; suffice it to say that we have not discovered any discrepancies, and that we do not know many qualified persons who could have carried out the same task in a more pleasant or a more competent manner.

SHORTER REVIEWS

A Reformer by Proxy. By JOHN PARKINSON. (Lane, 6s.)

THE plot of this story is somewhat original, and that is, we fear, all that can be said in its favour. A rather poor-spirited man in a comfortable position in the City which brings him in £500 a year receives a legacy of £30,000, on the condition that with £3,000 of it he shall speculate in Canadian Pacifics and show a profit of £300 at the end of six months. He has never entered the whirl of City life before, and the picture of his various confusions is not badly suggested. Other characters and other issues are numerous, but the style of the writing leaves a great deal to be desired, and the composition is weak. The author gives us no impression of having taken pleasure in his work. We are sorry to have to set on record such apparently unfriendly words, but the act of writing a book carries some responsibility with it. Before Mr. Parkinson ventures into the field of literature again he should really study some manual of punctuation; he makes us very, very sad.

Outlines of Introduction to the Hebrew Bible. By ALFRED S. GEDEN, M.A., D.D. (Edinburgh: T. and T. Clark, 1909, 8s. 6d.)

THE student of the Old Testament Scriptures will find in this work a valuable aid and book of reference, useful even if he may not possess a knowledge of the Hebrew language. In the first two parts the language and text of the Old Testament are reviewed at length, with an interesting chapter on the origins of the Hebrew character and alphabet, from which we learn that the most important Semitic model is "the so-called Papyrus Priese, from Thebes, 'the most ancient book in the world,' now in the National Library in Paris, containing the moral 'Precepts of Ptah-Hotep,' who lived during the Fifth Dynasty, circa 2600 B.C."

One chapter is given to an examination of the Hebrew and Greek canons of the Old Testament; Part V. is an account of The Versions—The Targums and Syriac versions, Latin, Egyptian, Ethiopic, Arabic, Armenian, and Gothic—while in Part VI. there is a critical examination of the authorship and characteristics of the Pentateuch, which follows the main lines of Dr. Driver, G. H. Battersby, and others. There are some interesting full-page illustrations of MSS. and illuminated title-pages.

The Forbidden Theatre. By KEIGHLEY SNOWDEN. (T. Werner Laurie, 6s.)

THE title of this novel might be open to several interpretations, but for once in a way it is to be taken literally. Gerald Unwin, a man of broad ideas, who has passed many years in France, conceives the notion of presenting the town of Kingley (in the Airedale district of Yorkshire) with a theatre, to perpetuate the memory of his dead wife, who had been an actress. Kingley, however, is not eye to eye with him on the desirability of the matter, and a state of faction is brought about—sides are formed, meetings held, and the place is set by the ears. The situation is complicated by a doctor's pronouncement that Gerald has but a few months to live. Mr. Snowden has given a most interesting and clever study of the way in which the quarrel between the Nonconformist camp and its opponents influenced two lives: Isabel Priestley, the Mayor's daughter, and Frank Unwin, Gerald's son. These two are in love with one another, but Isabel feels compelled to give Frank his dismissal when she finds that her father is worried into a mild stroke of paralysis by the state of affairs in his jurisdiction. Frank, of course, is strongly on the side of the theatre. We must say that he seems to take her ultimatum

rather too easily, for she was a treasure not lightly to be given up; but as they both appear in danger of pining away when separated evidently their feelings were of the right old-fashioned sort. All comes well in the end; the father does not die, but lives for an old love-affair of his own that has come to light, and the two young lovers are united.

The descriptions of the gatherings of the brusque, outspoken Yorkshiremen are excellent, and rarely has the conflict between inherent conservatism and modern progressive tendencies been more neatly portrayed than in the speeches of the leaders on either side. William Sneed, the rigid and yet likeable old Puritan, is an especially good character; his vigorous outbursts of denunciation are very natural, while the quieter sarcasms and arguments of Dr. Robey against him are another strong point in the story. Inevitably the two camps are left glowering at each other when the book closes, since hearts and convictions do not easily change, but the theatre is built, and wins for itself a fair name and reputation. In conclusion, we may note that the printer has been rather unkind to the author: the alignment on some pages is very poor.

OUTDOOR BREVIARY—V.

THE foliage of wide-headed trees looked heavy and hard as if cast in bronze against the pale sky. Two poplars by the brown mill shot up like wind-sucked flames, and float inverted upon the still reaches of the pool. The semi-circle of pale sky, luminous as green glass, blurred by that atom of darkness, a bat, loses its light, drop by drop, as colour is wrung from a dyed cloth. Between the two river-banks the mirrored air dimples dully here and there or ripples through clouded patches of weed. About the thin-leaved sentinel willows a mist rises on the towing-path, like puffs of dust on a summer highway, and in the meadows the corncrake grates his file: *crek-crake*, *crek-crake*. Each clinking bird holds its note in favour of the faint sound of bats' wings, as they fly to and fro within the hedge, and the humming boom of a beetle rising from the solitary dark bunches of grass in the field that grow over dried dung. (The leaf I have gathered is a sullen red, like blood, almost invisible in the darkness.)

The passage of the long summer days seems gradually to attune the mind to expect something unusual, to wait for "that expression of hope which is called beauty." "Out of such an expanse of light, when the earth is tangibly in the midst of a vast illumined space, what may come? Perhaps something more than is common to the senses."

Poplars, with their clapping leaves, stand in files by the slow streams in the water meadows, where the grass and herbage grows so tall that the cows grazing there are half-buried in its depth, its green tinged with the broken buff and pink of seeding grasses, the purple of thistle-heads, the lustrous red of spired sorrel, and everywhere flecked with meadowsweet, creamy white like the bubbles spotting the foaming weir. The many-channelled water-courses are fringed with the light green of sedges, with beds of forget-me-nots, reed-mace, and the sober green of bullrushes, with banks of fresh-coloured hemp agrimony, and tall downy willow-herb, not yet in flower, looking as if it had been outlined with a silver pencil—the whole an outspread veil like the mantle of the goddess Tanit, "Blue as the night, yellow as dawn, and red as the sun, light and shimmering and diaphanous." Land and water intermixed; everywhere along the green meadows narrow streams, lying like a scythe in thickness of the grass; streams that divide and sub-divide and are united again, and again separate, enclosing many a mound and miniature eyot, and long slips of cool, water-

washed meadow, laden with odours of wild herbs and recent rain and the freshness of water-growing herbs.

Countless and incalculable are the hosts of insects; the heath and common, the moor and forest are full of them; they rise underfoot from the ripe-seeded grass that lies like a reddish veil upon the hill pastures, as if the grass-heads were yielding up their souls, good little souls; then settle down in front of you, a rain of insects; their fine, minute hum trembles from the elder-scented hedge, when the birds are silent, or utter only a thin upstroke of piped sound. They rise from the bough shaken by your arm, and flutter dizzily from the rush-clumps and tall red-seeded sorrel, the bright carved thistle, with the motion of a shoal of startled minnows. Against the sky their minute, swift-dancing bodies appear as thin dark lines in "wavering morrice," and the green surface of the earth is dusted all over with a little mist of flying insect-bodies, small as jewel powder.

Towards the last half of July birds are wholly silent, or appear anxious to escape notice, like conspirators, slipping secretly away, and calling to one another in low and unfamiliar speech; no song-phrase, but some chirping pass-word, thin as the note of a grasshopper. It may be there is something of apprehension in these subdued notes which they utter furtively when disturbed, that they are prescient of coming changes and "foretelling woes to be."

When the forest opens its doors the plunge from the open light into the twilight and cool enclosure is a transition as complete as from land to water, and it is in a green submarine light that the Atlas-like bearing of the trees, each carrying its world of congregated leaves, "pleases the eye, like so many statues." It is a concentrated light, a light in which all colour—the green of the grass, the russet of the path, the radiant knobs of moss—takes a tingling and solemn vividness, as in certain moments of evening. It is in this concentration that we become aware of the stream of light. We cannot drink of the stream, but must take up a little water in the hollow of our hand, and so the sunshine, falling in spots like broken stars through the foliage, and gently swinging to and fro like a pendulum telling the forest's time, is more admired and pored upon than the disc of the sun itself.

The slant light shines through the shorn grass of the meadow touched with a show of new green, where the only visible flower is the white clover, the shepherd's sign of midsummer, while the hedge, a sober green, is overgrown with climbing plants, convolvulus with its wrinkling paper-white trumpets, green-blossomed briony, and amethyst-coloured bramble flowers, and here and there the green haws on the thorns are tinged with yellow. The midsummer trees rise lightly into the evening sky, marching in ordered ranks beside the water: the fountain-like poplar and the sleek grey willow, whose leaves stream all one way in the wind like the beaded water-weeds under the stream. Below the trees is the weed-smelling weir, and the curved river banks edged with hissing sedge, where grow tall grass with its purple plumes delicately poised upon its wiry stalk, green rushes, and the tossing willow-herb, not yet in flower. An invisible bat, the "blind bird of the dark," blurs the pinkish sky. On the right bank of the river the grey rushes have been mown down, which have "the odours and taste of all spices." Some shorn rushes circle among the scum-pots in the shallow bays of the river. A cold breath moves about the path, and the sharp sound from the grass, like splitting silk, is the voice of the grasshopper. Beyond the lasher the water is dull, like a steel blade that has been breathed upon, and a

shadow of a hawking bird passes and repasses, stooping almost until it closes with its shadow on the water, for the water is sweeter than the "Well of Youth" near the city of Palombe, the waters whereof had "the odours and taste of all spices."

"What go we into the wilderness to see? Not a prophet, not the greatest among the prophets, but a reed or a rush shaken by the wind. So much greater is the green and common rush than all the Alps."

ITALIAN BACKGROUNDS—III.

THE PINWOOD AND THE MARSH.

AMID its surrounding marshes, the island ground of the Pineta is firm and sandy, dark with tall pine trees and green with an undergrowth of juniper and thorn and rising bracken-fern; while the bright sward is lighted with masses of cistus. Its pines lift up their pale shoots of young green, its bushes are festooned with honeysuckle, the "murmurous haunts of flies," that flings its links from bough to bough of ash or maple. Though the sea wind flows through the wood, in the close thickets the air is heavy with aromatic scents, the moist wood smell, the resin of pine and juniper, the honey of may-flowers and white-flowered acacias, the spring-like breath of purple orchises, while over the grass, mottled with the blue of salvias and the silver of the constellated stars of Bethlehem, mazes of tawny and blue butterflies hover, "drunk with the smell of sap, the bright sunbeams," and brown lizards move restlessly through the flowers. From the branches of the pillared pines, with their spreading roofs of star-proof shade, the voice of the pigeon summons to an eternal sleep.

Here Byron loved to spend hours on horseback,

In the solitude
Of the pine-forest, and the silent shore
Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
The shrill cicalos, people of the pine,
Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
And vesper bells that rose the boughs among.

Between the Pineta and the city the marsh stretches out for a distance of about three miles, uninhabitable as the Roman Campagna, yet full of the strange beauty of desert places, and conscious of the centuries that have watched the city's splendour and ruin. For more than half the year it lies under water, and during the other months breathes out a poison-laden vapour, which renders it uninhabitable. Yet in spring this waste is richer in flowers than more salubrious fields, a very mosaic of colour, inlaid with the gold and silver of water-lilies and flags. "Tamarisks wave their pink and silver tresses by the road, and wherever a plot of mossy earth emerges from the marsh it gleams with purple orchises and flaming marigolds; but the soil beneath is so treacherous and spongy that those splendid blossoms grow like flowers in dreams or fairy stories. You try in vain to pick them; they elude your grasp, and flourish in security beyond the reach of arm or stick"—magnificent *fleurs du mal*.

The marshy plain runs to the horizon, intersected by numerous dykes and flower-laden canals, where the poplars stand in files, diminishing into the immense distance. A white road crosses it, which is edged on either side by a narrow ditch, just able to reflect the blue of the sky between the interstices of its sober-coloured reeds and yellow flags—flowers transparent as a lighted lamp against the descending sun. Among the grasses and flowering rushes shine bright water-snakes, and on the pads of the waxen-flowered water-lilies a choir of frogs call, and then slip into the still water, with a flash of silver, while a tree-frog from an

ever-vibrating poplar lends his harsh note to the full chorus. Over immeasurable reaches of ripe-seeded grass, where the wind sets its silver furrows and ruffles, lies, like a grey hulk becalmed amid a waveless sea, the ancient church of S. Apollinaris, with its round campanile—of all desolate buildings the most desolate. Over the pale-rimmed level sky-line the colour deepens to the deepest blue in the tremendous apse of heaven, dark as the background of the strange mosaics of its ancient city, but above the horizon the level rack of cloud is faintly coloured with pale duns and blues.

It is the chosen place of silence, still save for the chatter of frogs beneath the silver-stemmed poplars, that shake their leaves as if a trembling breeze were for ever filtering through them; and the sluggish water-courses creep unruffled on their way to the sea, the beaded scum-spots marking their progress from knot to knot of weed, or island of lilies. Slowly the evening lets down her veil, heavy with dew, and on either side of the path insects with wings transparent as gauze against the horizontal light rise thick as pollen shaken from the heads of the grasses on either side of the dew-clogged road. The sun soars downward, a vaporous rosy globe, between wide-winged lilac-blue clouds, dipping behind the ancient church, flushing the west with rosy films of thinnest cloud that fade into palest amber, and with the declining of the sun the frogs in concert break out into a louder rattle among the darkening reed-beds and amid the bronzed poplars and grasses. One musician more pleasing than his kind flutes with a thin tremolo cry, mysterious as the pipe of Pan in solitary places, softer than the rattle-note of his unwearied cousins. A breath of moisture steals from the scummy canals and clouded ditches, drawing into the still air the essence of water-plants and still waters, while, with her campaniles brown against the light-fringed sky, Ravenna lifts her secular head above the marshes.

M. J.

IRELAND AND CONSUMPTION

I.—THE ABERDEENS.

THAT the Countess of Aberdeen in any work she undertakes for what she considers to be the good of Ireland is actuated by the highest of motives no one who knows her will dispute for a moment. Whether her efforts are calculated to carry out the object she has in view is, however, quite another matter. One of her latest activities is a crusade against consumption, which she has apparently convinced herself is responsible for much of the suffering and the misery of the Irish people. By the spread of knowledge on the subject of the value of fresh air, pure water, and hygienic principles generally, her ladyship has done much to ensure a brighter and more rational mode of life for the poorer classes, whose views on what constitute a healthy house have hitherto not been of the most enlightened character. Had she been content to rest satisfied here there would have been no ground for complaint. But her zeal, unfortunately, far outruns her discretion, and in her enthusiasm she pursues a course which, according to the ideas of those most competent to judge, are bound to have the most injurious effect on the interests of that country which she designs to serve.

It is one of the stock complaints of your genuine Home Ruler that the root of Ireland's discontent is to be found in the intense dislike to having forced upon her that which she has had no hand in moulding. She knows best what she needs, we are told, and if she is allowed to supply those needs in her own way all will be well. Lady Aberdeen cannot have been ignorant of this type of argument; indeed, if we mistake not, she has herself often used it. It is singular that she should have so entirely overlooked it on the present

occasion. Such, however, is unhappily the case. Deeply impressed, then, with the notion that Ireland was threatened by the terrible scourge of consumption she determined to do battle with the fell disease and to extirpate it from the country. There is no doubt that many of the steps she took in co-operation with the various local bodies and by her campaign of propaganda have done, and are doing, much good. But the progress was not fast enough for her ladyship, and she decided to enlist the sympathy of America in her crusade. It is just here where the mischief has been done. Anybody who knows Ireland knows also that there is, so to speak, another Ireland across the Atlantic. American politicians know it, too, at election times. To America, therefore, the Countess resolved to go in the prosecution of her warfare against disease. The effect of her campaign has begun to show itself. No one will accuse *Sinn Fein* of being an organ which has any antagonism to Irish industries. The one aim of the *Sinn Feiners* is rather to stimulate all existing Irish industries and to promote new ones wherever possible. They have done much in this direction. Their organ is no prejudiced witness. Yet what does *Sinn Fein* say about Lady Aberdeen's mission to America? It points out what a large trade is done in America in the sale of Irish lace and linens. It then goes on to say that, in consequence of the mission of the wife of the Lord-Lieutenant to the United States, rumour has spread like wildfire in the centre where these goods are being sold that girls in different stages of consumption are chiefly employed in their manufacture, and that infection may be transmitted to the purchasers:

As a result, those engaged in making a market for Irish goods in America on the American side have been compelled to temporarily suspend their ordinary work to go around reassuring storekeepers. It is a most intolerable thing that Irish trade can be interfered with in this manner with small protest from our side. If the same game were attempted to be played on England—if people professing sympathy for it were to go abroad, to the countries in which it finds its markets, and represent it as a land diseased—the British Foreign Office would be in motion in twenty-four hours, and the roar of the British Press—Liberal and Tory—would make the welkin ring. So far as the Dublin daily Press is concerned, we have not found one word of protest, repudiation, or even denial of the impression that the Lady from the Viceregal Lodge has sought to spread in the United States. Whether, as some believe, she is acting mistakenly but with good intentions or not is of no moment. The fact is she is hurting the business interests of this country.

It may be urged that *Sinn Fein* is not such an unprejudiced witness after all, inasmuch as though it is an ardent supporter of home industries for Ireland it is a bitter opponent of the Irish Parliamentary Party, and, therefore, of their Liberal friends. Such an objection, at any rate, cannot be urged against another Irish organ, *The Lady of the House*, which is entirely non-political. Yet this paper is not one whit less emphatic in its condemnation of the self-imposed mission of Lady Aberdeen:

The crusade against consumption in Ireland (says our contemporary) has rendered it almost impossible for an Irish domestic servant to now find a situation in England. It is also likely to injuriously affect the Irish tourist season, for, naturally, no one desires to holiday in what is declared to be a plague spot. "The consumptive Irish" is now the term of reference, just as if we were as much in a state of decline in our health as we are in our population. The agitation, which is largely of an advertising character, has been altogether overdone. Consumption is very frequently the product of insufficient and improper food, and the cause of insufficient food is poverty, mainly arising from want of employment. Whether the sending of work out of Ireland, which Ireland is especially capable of performing, tends to cure the unemployment and to correct the insufficiency of food, which is the chief predisposing cause

of consumption, is a question that it does not require a philosopher to answer. The van from which the consumptive crusade is conducted could have been built in Dublin, Cork, or Belfast, or in a dozen other Irish towns, but this work, which would help to feed Irish workers, was needlessly sent out of the country. Had it been retained here it would not have occasioned any extra consumption amongst the coach-builders, except, indeed, the consumption of better food and more of it. This importation of the consumption van is on a par with a souvenir of the recent pageant to encourage Irish industries being printed in England, under the registered Irish trade mark. Less work for the consumers and more for consumption! Would even the trump of doom awaken commonsense in Ireland?

The last question, be it observed, is not ours, but that of our contemporary. The extracts we have quoted should give cause for reflection to those people whose philanthropy has not run mad, and who, in their anxiety to aid the inhabitants of the sister isles, will not set about it by the not very encouraging expedient of first destroying their industries.

E. H.

II.—A PROTEST.

The literature of medicine largely consists of ephemeral volumes. No science is so hard on books. Odd works by men of towering genius endure through the ages, but the bulk of what are acclaimed solid classics in one generation have become empty nonsense to its successors. The fact is notorious, and the moral would seem sufficiently obvious; yet a glib dogmatism characterises too many of even our newest teachers, and very apostles of the science wax unscientifically zealous.

Notable instances of this failing occur almost daily in connection with the Crusade against Consumption. The white scourge requires a vigorous preaching of the gospel of health, but not every minister need become a prophet. Starting with the lamentable fact that in every civilised community the annual death-rate from this disease has reached, and still reaches, figures which must shock and distress all thinking folks, and collating the additional fact that in certain countries during the last forty years consumption is distinctly less prevalent than it was, various persons in authority have launched out into unqualified assertions and wild predictions.

Consumption is, they say, an infectious disease, therefore it is preventable. The death-rate from consumption has decreased in certain regions, therefore the disease should disappear from among the causes of death in all civilised countries, as typhus fever and plague have disappeared. Abundance of fresh air and sunlight seem to cure certain cases of consumption, therefore the ever-open-window is a specific in each instance of the disease. Some consumptives have not succumbed to the malady, therefore they who now die do so through their gross ignorance of, or disregard for, a few simple rules of health. Early recognition of the disease enhances recovery, therefore if a case is only diagnosed early enough its recovery is sure.

Such are, in crude epitome, statements which some supreme medical authorities have issued to an attentive world. In still cruder form, and often more forcible and optimistic, they are being circulated and accepted by all sorts and conditions of people. Consumption is too widespread to permit many of us to hear such pronouncements with equanimity: a sympathetic concern is well-nigh universal, and every lightest word has an eager hearing. Hence these proclamations carry tremendous weight. Their helpfulness as stimuli to increased effort in the battle against the scourge must not be underestimated. They light up flickering hopes, and may thus also work for good. But they are neither quite honest nor, which comes to the same thing, scientific. It will be time enough twenty years

hence (and only then if the statistics allow) to indulge in large assurances and liberal promises. Meanwhile consumption is not, and is not nearly, extinct; and such boastful assumptions place the bulk of the medical profession in a false position towards the public. The public is led to expect that which no man living can provide. The doctor fighting an uphill battle is branded incompetent because he does not accomplish the impossible feats promised in a popular lecture by an airily irresponsible professor.

The bulk of the medical profession are neither specialists, professors, nor writers upon medical subjects. They are merely the doctors in this street and the next, whose time is spent from house to house and in the surgery. The reading public gets nothing from them, they work in silence as far as that type of audience is concerned, and their opinions die with them. The specialist does not voice them. He does not see or feel as they do. He scrutinises well—sometimes, perhaps, too well—a small area of the field: only selected cases of certain types of disease come into his hands. But the man engaged in general practice, especially if that practice happens to lie in a large city, meets a representative assortment of the ailments which dog humanity. He encounters, too, other members of the rank-and-file of the profession, who are similarly situated as regards experience. They talk together, easily and frankly, and know just how the community feels and does. And they view this crusade against consumption in a way which hardly coincides with the confident assertions of those in high places.

As a member of that rank-and-file I should like very briefly to outline the matter as it strikes me. I am not pessimistic. I believe we are upon the right lines. But I cannot see that exaggeration and blind optimism help at all towards that patient endeavour which alone can lead to lasting betterment.

(a) Consumption is infectious. It may be preventable. The grosser sources of infection can undoubtedly be removed. There remain, however, innumerable other risks not so amenable to control. If one admits that Dr. Otto Naegeli's estimate of the prevalence of tuberculous lesions in humanity (after 500 consecutive post-mortem examinations in persons over eighteen years of age dying from all diseases, he concluded that 97 per cent. of these adults were tuberculous) is even approximately correct, it would seem saner at present to concern ourselves more with the multiplicity of risks and less with glowing predictions.

(b) The whole of the reduction in the consumption death-rate accomplished so far may, with little fear of injustice, be attributed rather to the march of civilisation, with its improved hygienic and sanitary conditions, than to any definite anti-tubercular crusade. When the simpler infectious troubles, like measles, whooping-cough and diphtheria, have been completely eradicated, one may contemplate seriously the extinction of consumption. Until then such talk is bombast.

(c) Fresh air and sunlight are enemies to the bacillus of consumption, whose aid no one would disparage; but they are not specifics. The sure cure, the solution of the problem, has not yet been found. Many cases of consumption do well in sanatoria and under the home fresh-air treatment. Many also die in both places. Even the most hopeful cases sometimes fail to recover under this treatment. We shall never recognise the true place of this line of treatment until sanatoria are more generally run on unbiased scientific lines by individuals who have no pecuniary interest in these establishments or their statistics. Even in institutions which are largely or wholly charitable there is at present a lamentable tendency to exercise a privilege in the selection and dismissal of cases which effectually puts out of court the statistics they compile.

(d) It stands to reason that early recognition of the disease must favour recovery. The sooner the patient is removed from the surroundings and influences which allowed him to lapse into the disease, or which produced it, the sooner and more certainly may one expect indications of improvement. Even the earliest diagnosis, however, fails at times to secure recovery. There are cases which defy every known remedy and steadily decline amidst the most beneficent circumstances. Science has to stand pitifully helpless beside many a problem in this disease.

(e) During the past spring, in the suburban area best known to me, there has been an appalling prevalence of the worst type of consumption among a class which—well housed, well fed, well clothed, well served with all the necessities for healthy recreation—ought to offer most resistance to the germs of this malady. Young adults, outwardly in the pink of condition, have been the commonest victims. Such cases shock even the most robust optimism. Coincidence may explain what is, after all, only a little local observation in an obscure corner of a world-wide battlefield; but there are other signs which warn us not to boast prematurely, but rather to expect a tedious struggle and maintain a demeanour becoming in those who gird on their harness for a good fight. At a meeting of the German Central Committee for the combating of tuberculosis, held in Berlin towards the end of May, a speaker declared that "the increase of tuberculosis among children stood in regrettable contrast with the general decrease in the rate of mortality from the disease in Germany."

The most satisfactory campaign is that in which the generals make no gratuitous predictions beforehand, but allow their victories to show how matters go.

ROBERT WATSON, M.D.

RESEARCH DEFENCE SOCIETY REPORT OF THE COMMITTEE.

JUNE 18TH, 1909.

YOUR Committee are glad to be able to report that the Society has made good progress during the past twelve months. At the time of our Inaugural Meeting, in June of last year, we had 1,290 Members, of whom 123 were ladies. We have now 2,465 Members and 61 Associates, making a total of 2,526, of whom 361 are ladies.

At the time of our Inaugural Meeting, we had no Branch Societies. Branches have now been formed in Birmingham, Bournemouth, Brighton, Cambridge (University Branch), Dublin, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle, Shrewsbury, Torquay (Devon Branch), and York. Other Branches in Oxford, Ryde and elsewhere are in course of formation.

In the United States the work of our Society has been followed with great interest by many well-known American physicians and surgeons, and a thorough system of Research Defence has been organised in New York, Boston, and elsewhere, after the example of our Society.

The educational work of the Society during the past year has been considerable. Beside a great number of letters and articles in newspapers and magazines, a further series of pamphlets has been published, by the kind help and generosity of Mr. Frederick Macmillan. Early in the winter we issued a paper-bound set of eleven pamphlets, which was sent to each new member and to many hundreds of public libraries, schools, clubs and other institutions. In April of this year we published a cloth-bound volume, entitled "Publications of the Research Defence Society," containing four pamphlets already issued. This book has been very

favourably reviewed by the Press, and a large number of copies have been circulated.

We have also sent a great number of letters to the newspapers, offering our pamphlets to all applicants. One such offer, made last September in the *Daily Mail*, brought nearly a hundred applications.

A further series of pamphlets is in course of preparation, including the following:

I.—An account of Colonel Bannerman, I.M.S., of Plague in India, with special reference to preventive inoculation.

II.—A pamphlet on the advantages that animals have derived from experiments on animals.

III.—A reprint of the correspondence in the *Times*, which arose last January out of a circular letter sent to our Vice-Presidents by an opponent of all experiments on animals. The whole of this correspondence was reprinted at the time by your Committee, and a copy was sent to each of the Vice-Presidents. It will now be re-issued, with a short commentary.

IV.—A pamphlet answering some of the statements which are frequently made by the opponents of all experiments on animals.

During the past year representatives of the Society have attended many debates in London and elsewhere, and the results have been very satisfactory. Many sets of pamphlets have also been sent to persons wishing to speak in debates. Many lectures have also been given, most of them illustrated with lantern slides, by Dr. Morgan Jones, Dr. Armit, Major Elliott, Mr. Hodgson, Dr. Duke Turner, and the Hon. Secretary. These lectures, with such titles as "Pasteur's Life and Work," or "Some Modern Ways of Fighting Disease," or "What we Owe to Experiments on Animals," have been given at Cambridge, Oxford, Eton, Radley, Dulwich College, King Edward School, Birmingham, Bedford College for Women, London School of Medicine for Women, Royal Naval Academy, Bognor, Chiswick, Ealing, Croydon, Purley, Ilford, Chelmsford, Bournemouth, Shrewsbury, Exeter, York, and elsewhere. Several of these lectures have been very largely attended, and your Committee are of opinion that popular lectures of this sort are of great value to the Society's work. Several engagements have already been made for the coming winter, but more are desired, and your Committee beg that any member who can spare the time and the trouble to arrange for such a lecture, either in London or elsewhere, will communicate with the Hon. Secretary.

Other events of the past year are as follows: The anniversary of the founding of our Society, on January 27th, 1908, was celebrated by the Inaugural Meeting of the Dublin Branch Society last January in the Theatre of the Royal Dublin Society; this meeting was attended by 700 persons, and the Dublin Branch Society has already, thanks to Sir Henry Swanzy and Mr. J. W. Tullo, who are its Hon. Secretaries, more than 500 members. In March of this year your Committee decided that there should be Associates of the Society, who should pay a subscription of only 1s. a year. It is hoped that they will help to make the work of our Society more widely known and appreciated, and it has been suggested that many hospital patients, who owe their health or their life to methods discovered by the help of experiments on animals, may be glad to be thus associated with the Research Defence Society. Last month a letter signed by your President, your Chairman of Committee, and twenty-one of your Vice-Presidents was forwarded to the Home Secretary, urging him to use all his influence to hasten the issue of the final Report of the Royal Commission. It is a matter of great regret that the issue of this Report has been so long delayed. The delay is contrary to the public interest, and is likely to prejudice the public mind.

The necessary business of to-day's meeting includes the confirmation in office for another year of your present officers, the formal election of those members and associates whose names are on the lists which are in your hands, the approval and adoption of the provisional rules, which are also in your hands, and the adoption of your Hon. Treasurer's report. Seeing the merely formal character of this business, your Committee ask that the approval and adoption of this report from them shall carry with it the approval and adoption of the present list of officers, the election of members and associates, the acceptance of the rules, and the adoption of the Hon. Treasurer's report.

Finally, your Committee desire to express their great hope that every member or associate of the Society will help during the coming year to advance the Society's work by enlisting more members, by distributing pamphlets, or by arranging for a lecture.

It is only by united work that the Society will be able to maintain that success which it has already won, and to deserve the welcome which was given to it last year.

CORRESPONDENCE

A PHRASEOLOGICAL DICTIONARY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a linguist, you must have many a time—like all those who take an interest in the matter—wondered why there are so few English people who can speak and write good French, and so few French people who can speak and write good English. You have no doubt ascribed this want of success amongst the students of both nations to a want of perseverance on their part. If so, I respectfully beg to say that you are wrong. I am speaking from experience, as I do not believe that there are many foreigners who have studied the English language with more perseverance and attention than I have done. For over a quarter of a century, although I had no opportunity of hearing English spoken in my social circles, or at home with my family, I have never let a single week pass without devoting on an average two hours daily to the study of the best English authors, and yet, would you believe it? after the first ten years of that unremitting labour, when I attempted to put my knowledge into practice, I found to my dismay that all my efforts had been in vain. I then tried to find the reason of that failure, and after having considered the matter fully, I came to the conclusion that it was owing to the English-French and French-English dictionaries—especially the pocket ones, which, at the outset are of very little use to learners of English and French, and often lead them totally astray. This may seem at first sight paradoxical, but I am in a position to prove that nothing is more correct than what I have put forward. These dictionaries require modifications and improvements. I have, amongst my notes, hundreds of arguments to justify this opinion. For want of space I shall beg my readers' leave to quote only a few examples, with the help of which I hope to be able to prove my case.

Suppose a French student has to translate into English these two sentences: "Il ne me sera pas possible d'écrire *avant* lundi," and "Il ne me sera pas possible d'écrire *avant* une semaine." The dictionaries in question will give the word *before* as the translation for the word *avant*. For the first preposition it will do very well; but for the second I am sure that no English scholar—nay, no English-speaking person, even among the uneducated class, would accept the preposition *before* in the second of the following examples:

- (a) I shall not be able to write *before* Monday;
- (b) I shall not be able to write *for* a week.

In one of these two cases are not the dictionaries I allude to misleading? Let us now take another word, say, the word *engaged*. You no doubt remember the unpleasant trick which, in 1893 or 1894, regarding the translation of this word, an English-French dictionary played on an English lady who, in Paris, wanted to translate into French this sentence: "Coachman, are you *engaged*?" (. . . êtes vous *fiancé*?). The French-English dictionary played a much more unpleasant trick on a French lady who, wishing to convey to an English carpenter the translation of her French sentence: "La dernière fois que vous avez fait ce travail, votre prix était trois fois moins

élevé" (or, in other words, "vous êtes trois fois plus cher aujourd'hui que vous ne l'étiez la dernière fois que je vous ai fait faire ce travail") said to him: "My good man, you are three times *dearer* to me to-day than when we were *first engaged* . . ."

I am in a position to quote hundreds of cases in point. You will therefore acknowledge with me, Sir, that such books as our English-French and French-English dictionaries, in the state in which they are now, cannot always be trusted, and that, at times, they are even dangerous.

Having pointed out the evil, I am prepared to suggest the remedy.

As I have already said, when I saw that all my efforts to express myself in fair English had proved abortive, I thought of a plan which might help me in my studies, and thus enable me to avoid seeking help from my very few English acquaintances. After having considered the matter fully, I set myself the task of compiling a private English-French and French-English dictionary upon quite different lines from those hitherto adopted, taking chiefly into account that, in the language of a country there are three strata: the literary language of books, which, regarding English, is the easiest for the French student to master, as it can almost be translated word for word into French, and *vice versa*; then come the spoken language of the cultured class, and the vulgar language of the common people. Between the latter two strata, there is an idiomatic language that is used in everyday life both by the educated as well as by the uneducated; and it is this language which is the most difficult for a foreigner to acquire; in fact, although the same spirit exists between the idiomatic expressions of England and those of France, yet, the expressions differ in form, and it is this difference that is extremely delicate, and must be carefully attended to. Examples:

La semaine des quatre jeudis
(When *two Sundays* come together);
C'est porter l'eau à la mer ou à la rivière
(It is like carrying *coals* to *Newcastle*).

The important thing that we must also bear in mind is that the tradesman at his counter, the shoemaker at his last, the tailor and the dressmaker, the hatter and the milliner, etc., in their respective shops, have, at times, a phraseology of their own which we must assimilate if we wish to speak their technical language as they do. In a word, every calling has its special *clichés*, which we must have at our command if we wish to speak or write properly the foreign language that we are studying. Even in such an apparent trifle as an *apology* the Frenchman can be distinguished from the Englishman. The former will naturally translate his French sentence (*excusez-moi*) and say "Excuse me!" The latter, in a similar circumstance, on the contrary, will say, "I am sorry"! And in philology, as well as in many other matters, the best policy is, "When we are in Rome, to do as Rome does."

Let us now bring under consideration the case of an English student who has mastered the French grammar. We will suppose him to have to translate, from his native tongue, sentences similar to the following ones:

- (1) On a *lancé* un mandat d'arrêt contre M. N.
- (2) Le magistrat *instruira* cette affaire et *ouvrira* une enquête.
- (3) Ce monsieur aura à *jurer* un affidavit.
- (4) Cet accusé a *invoké* un alibi, mais ne l'a pas *prouvé*.
- (5) Ce médecin *pratiquera* l'amputation d'un des membres du malade.
- (6) Ces papiers *établiront* l'identité du cadavre.
- (7) Le police *relèvera* le signalement de la victime du crime, commis, etc., etc.

How can he be expected to remember all the expressions which have been italicised? Will his present dictionary help him? In two or three cases it might, but certainly not in hundreds of similar cases. On the other hand, the italicised expressions above, and those of a similar nature, are used daily by French people who speak and write ordinary French. Therefore, an English student wishing to be able to make use of this peculiar phraseology, if he does not take special notes and learn these notes by heart, will, when needed, never be able to express himself properly in French.

In the phraseological dictionary upon which I have been engaged for the last twenty years, the *first four* expressions are to be found under the heading *j u s* (phraseologic relative aux Choses de la Justice, etc.); the *fifth*, under the letters, *M e d* (phraseologic relative aux *Médecins*, aux *Maladies*, aux *Opérations*, etc.); the *sixth* and *seventh* ones, under the letters *P o l* (Phraseologic relative aux *Questions policières*, aux enquêtes faites par la Police, etc.).

After having worked for about twenty years upon the principles as laid down above, I wanted one day to test my private dictionary in its embryo state. I chose for that purpose a most difficult subject, of which I had not the least notion, namely, that relating to bicycles, having never had, up to the present moment, an opportunity of hearing a conversation between two English cyclists. I then made up my mind to translate into English "*Une course à bicyclette*," which translation I beg to submit to my readers to-day—the phraseology has been mostly borrowed from the periodicals and novels where allusions have been made to bicycles, and have been inserted in my dictionary under the letters *B i c* (phraséologic relative à la Bicyclette et aux accidents auxquels sont exposés ceux qui s'en servent).

A BICYCLE RACE.

When I had ascertained that my bicycle had been properly oiled, that the *tyres* had been *pumped*, that the *nuts* were in good condition, I put away the *pump* and repaired to the meeting place.

The ride was between M— Railway Station and P— Botanical Gardens.

My antagonist was waiting for me at the station.

The start was then given, and we *pedalled off at once*. I rode *steadily on*; my antagonist had had the start of me from having darted a few metres ahead.

On the next *stiff upwards grade* my *light weight and agile ankle-action* told; I began to distance him. I pedalled away, and soon *got clear* from him.

I had been told that he *mounted nimbly*, and that his bicycle was *driven by a crank*. It had no *chain*, but was *moved by a pedal, working narrowly up and down*, and attached to a *rigid bar, which propelled the wheels by means of an excentric*.

I had been told also that I could never make the *running* against such a *practised cyclist*. However, I *hurried on at a brisk pace*, till I found myself *pedalling at a good round speed* on the broad, level road which leads towards the C— village.

As I *scurried* across the plain, I had some dim consciousness that my antagonist was *flying after me headlong*. Being a *swift cyclist*, I *put on the pace* to see if I could *outstrip* him. He *did not gain on me*; but neither did I *outpace* him.

Pedalling my very hardest, I still kept pretty much at the same distance in front of him all the way to P. L.

In a one hour and a half race I had *covered* about thirty miles. In short, when I reached the *goal* my antagonist was two miles behind. He *must have got a spill* on the way, but he denied it. I therefore won the prize—a gold medal.

After I had got down, I handed my *bike* to a boy, went into a private house and sent for a pint of beer, which I drank with much pleasure, for I was very thirsty.

When I got out to *ride back* to P. L., lo! there was no boy at the door; the *tyres* of my bicycle were *flat*; the boy had *punctured* them in several places.

As the last train had left P., and no other mode of conveyance could be had at that time in the district, I had to *trundle my bicycle along*, walking all the way to P. L.; there I took a carriage to drive to W. Hotel at C., where I put up for the night.

The question now arises: have I been successful? I leave my readers to judge. If my English is a failure, there is an end of all my projects in connection with the improvement of the dictionaries alluded to above. On the other hand, if my readers are satisfied that my *artificial* English is above the average of the English of foreigners, I hope that they will come to the conclusion that something might be done in the direction already indicated.

In conclusion, may I add that, if an unskilful workman, after his hard day's labour, with scanty pecuniary means to dispose of, with no help from without, with only rough tools of his own make at his command, has achieved this result, to what degree of perfection could not the same work be brought if some skilful English and French workmen in the philosophical line were to band together to do that work, in the event of their having at their disposal money, time, knowledge and experience?

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

BURNS'S POEMS FOR GERMAN STUDENTS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—Mr. Henderson's quotations from his critical excursus are interesting enough, but they are not germane to the present purpose. If he will look again at the letter which has led to this controversy he will see that what is deprecated is not his

estimate of separate poems, but his view of the poet's genius and artistry. It was pointed out that he overdid, especially for foreigners, the account of Burns's succession to a line of literary ancestors, and that he failed to realise the poet's greatness as a humorist and an exceptionally appreciative lover of external nature. "His humour," says Mr. Henderson, "is essentially peasant humour." If this means anything, it suggests that the poet was restricted in his range, even although he was, as his critic adds, "a man of exceptional genius." The illustrations with which he elects to show the play of his author's humorous faculty are by no means adequate to reveal the individuality and achievements of one who stands among the supreme humorists of all literature. Humour does not consist, as Mr. Henderson seems to think, of mere playful allusions or of metaphors which "confer much of its peculiar pungency" on the verse in which they are embodied. It is a mental attitude, an intellectual distinction, a spiritual force by which its possessor secures from men and manners such impressions and notions as constitute him an exceptional and authoritative interpreter. The humorist who is richly endowed, as Burns was, sees whole where his less gifted neighbours see only in part, and his rendering of his discoveries gives him high distinction, materially serving to produce his "pride of place." It enables him to make such a wide appeal as he could not otherwise possibly do, for it postulates his right to delineate humanity and not merely the men and women of his acquaintance. One does not need to go far in Burns to see that he was one of those rare critics of life whose business was with human nature and not merely with the affairs of a province. As has already been said, this is abundantly exemplified throughout "Tam o' Shanter," and it may be added now that the same high quality is observable in all the humorous poems, from "The Jolly Beggars" to the epitaphs. It is not the humour of a peasant, but that of an exceptional seer and prophet, which pervades the weird and graphic dialogue between Death and the tipsy wayfarer in the great Hornbook satire. The vital subtlety and the sure and nimble craftsmanship of this wonderful lyric raise the poet at once above and beyond those "clever rustics," for whose appreciation Mr. Henderson says his wit and humour were "exactly fitted." Those who can perceive the grip and the significance of the treatment accorded to the interlocutors here will be able to follow the poet in the diversified presentment he gives of the De'il, the supreme personage among his humorous characters. As distinctive as Milton's Satan and Goethe's Mephistopheles, and much more versatile and entertaining than either, this potent factor in human affairs is realised and depicted with amazing vividness and power, and the superb delineation of him in his multiform relations to the human family takes his sponsor close to the front ranks of humorous exponents. If his humour was to be discussed at all—and Burns as poet cannot be satisfactorily estimated apart from this dominant feature of his genius—it should have been viewed in the breadth and sweep offered in these great achievements and not summarily disposed of as a gift that compassed the production of metaphors.

Probably more than enough has already been said regarding the poet's "peasant mastery of Nature's idiosyncrasies." It may just be added, however, that Mr. Henderson altogether mistakes the purpose for which the Byron quotation was brought under his notice. He may care to see now the style of information supplied to the British student regarding the splendour of Burns's humorous faculty and his poetic interpretation of Nature. "The touchstone of great poetry," says an accomplished expert, "is its kinship to the Shakespearean spirit, the degree in which it approaches that rare and unrivalled grasp of Nature, that criterion of true humour. In this respect few poets stand the test like Burns. His humour is of the broadest, and at the same time of the most refined; he has a perception of natural beauty which is most delicate and yet most powerful; his style, with its negligence and fluency, is supremely finished. In these things, and, above all, in the complete harmony of robust merriment with tender pathos and in the human interest with which he invests material objects, Burns stands in the closest relation to Shakespeare." Mr. Henderson would have been fully justified in saying something like this when introducing the poet to his German constituents, but instead of doing so he gets uncommonly near to telling them that he asks their attention for one who is a kind of poetical "P.P., Clerk of the Parish." He may not have meant it, but this to all intents and purposes is what he does under these two heads of his Introduction, and it was this attitude of substantial depreciation that led to the criticism thus finally brought to a close.

SCRUTATOR.

THE KIRK AND CALVIN.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It appears that during the recent Assemblies of the Kirk at Edinburgh, their mutual and intestinal bickerings were so far sunk as to procure a united though temporary unanimity, during the course of which a blasphemous prayer (which one may well hesitate to repeat even in abstract), was uttered by the "Moderator" in praise of John Calvin—"Especially we render to Thee heartfelt praise and thanks for Thy great gift in Thy servant, John Calvin. For his wisdom and learning, for his piety, courage, and devotion to duty, for his teaching of the doctrines of our faith . . . for what he did toward establishing civil and religious freedom . . . and for all the blessings which have come through him to this and to other nations"! It may be mentioned that the Moderator, in the jargon of Presbyterians and other dissidents, appears to be a kind of president who, however ineffectually, is supposed to moderate the language of synodical oratory.

To those who have always recognised the essentially alien character of that form of schismatic Christianity which in quite modern days was imposed upon Scotland, it will be small matter for wonder that the Kirk should be giving itself over these frenzied orisons. To certain forthcoming orgiastic celebrations which are to be held at Geneva (for ever rendered infamous as the dolorous site of Calvin's birth) the Kirk has deputed a select sodality of up-to-date ministers to proceed in pilgrimage; but it is doubtful if any of those who have undertaken this invidious task belong to that ever-increasing section of the "Establishment" who are winning cautiously back many of the long-lost doctrines and practices of the "Ages of Faith." Such men as Professor Cooper may be acquitted of all participation in these Helvetic orgies—that is, till we have evidence to the contrary. By the admissions of the Moderators of both the Scottish Assemblies, Presbyterianism and Calvinism continue synonymous and convertible terms, the latter still forming the bedrock of its amiable theology, and the quarry from which its doctrines are dug—a theology which has been aptly termed the "religion of Anahuac or of Ashanti."

To those of the neo-Presbyterian party who fondly imagine that the Kirk is in some way the lineal heir to the church of SS. Columba, Maelrubha, Triduana, and Kentigern, these atavistic revulsions should afford food for reflection, and should dispel effectually the delusion which haunts certain pious but historically uninstructed souls. Highly dubious is the connection which can possibly exist between Columba, the dove of the Cells, who drove numerous devils out of milk pails, prayed for the dead, disbelieved in the "Real Absence," and in general held to the "Faith once delivered," and the heretical depraving of that faith which is in increasing vogue amongst Calvinists.

In a recent issue of the *British Weekly*, an organ held in highest favour by such as "Dr." Clifford and all the more virulent dissenters, a certain Lady Frances Balfour has been moved to a paean in prose, in honour of the 400th anniversary of the Heresiarch's birth. The clamant exploits of this writer as an uncompromising suffragette are better known to the public than her compromising excursions into the realms of Calvinian theology. She looks upon this Genevan year-mind as a thing "full of hope and promise"; gazing at Calvin through a mephitic haze of Edinburgh banquets and ecclesiastical twaddle, she hails him as "a man of iron needed for an age of oppression." Stimulated by the recent proximity of two "Moderators," she closes her article with an invocation to some undiscovered guardian of her schism, "Watchman, what of our night?" a somewhat frank but perhaps unintentional admission of the Cymmerian dark in which the kirks of the north are indeed wallowing to this day, and will continue to wallow, till in the days that are coming they discover that there are pearls beyond price lying in other pastures—pastures trod of old and still watched over by the sandalled forms of Ninian and of Patrick, Brigid, the Mary of the Gael, and by Palladius and Columba, and all those countless hosts—the saints of Gaeldom who join in the primal and all-sufficing creeds of Christendom and in the triple ministry founded upon them, would have stood aghast at the "Shorter Catechism," yet more so at the longer one, and who would have had no need for piteous appeals to earthly Cæsars, for "relaxations of creed" and hankerings after new theologies, the invariable result of Presbyterianism, which in all countries where it has obtained a footing has shown a disposition towards a general lapse from the faith into Socinianism, such as is practically universal in those of the Swiss cantons which still lie under the Calvinistic nightmare—and in that body which impudently

terms itself the "Eglise Réformée de la France." The Kirk cannot have it both ways: she cannot be the guardian of the faith of St. Columba and in the same breath thank the Deity for the "doctrines of our faith" derived from the burner of Servetus. It is only fair to add in conclusion that both the authorities of the Kirk and their spokeswoman, Lady Frances, preserve a discreet silence on the exact form of "civil and religious freedom" won by Calvin, and by his followers in this country in the days when they had the power. The reason for this silence is the spread of education, for even in Scotland, the amiable burning of Servetus by Calvin and the other reformers is no longer looked on as commendable, though the Kirk is no doubt still satisfied of its justice. In this instance discreet silence has merely landed Lady Frances in an exhibition of sectarian clap-trap.

"INSECALL."

MORE JEWS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—If the present Government could be made to realise that even a Radical journalist is but a man, it would preclude a great deal of the bitterness which a burning sense of injustice is liable to arouse in the human heart. Surely, sir, the illustrious chaps who edit Radical halfpenny "noospoipers," and supply them with reliable information about "winners," have as much right to Knighthoods, Privy Councillorships and other honours as the mustard millionaires and the banking plutocrats who own these "poipers." The two chief proprietors of the *Star* and the *Morning Leader* are said to be the Rt. Hon. Lord Swaythling, and the Rt. Hon. James Stuart, M.P. Since the Radicals have been in power the first-mentioned has been made a peer and a member of His Majesty's Privy Council, while his son has been appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Prime Minister, and his nephew to an office where he has been able to display his loyalty to his race and to earn promotion and the applause of the London Press by assisting in the nullification of the Aliens Act. The services, therefore, which the Rt. Hon. ex-Mr. Samuel has rendered his "Barty" in sharing the ownership of two "Barty" organs have been fairly well recognised. The other partner had to wait for his reward, but it has come at last, and he, too, is now a member of His Majesty's Privy Council.

But the *Star* and the *Morning Leader*, sir, have an editor as well as proprietors, and this editor is prepared to struggle and overcome his strong prejudices against the acceptance of knighthoods, baronetries, and other undemocratic things, just as successfully as his employers. The Right Honourables' editor is, of course, the Justice of the Peace from Brummagem, whose political articles, entitled "Old Joe's Treble," arouses the residents of Whitechapel, Soho and Saffron Hill to such wild enthusiasm. He, of course, does not do all the editing. He has an assistant in the person of Captain Coe, an Irish "pathriot," who supplies the readers of the *Star* and the *Morning Leader* with information which should enable them all to make their fortunes. The gallant Captain's Radical prejudices against the acceptance of titular honours could be as easily surpassed as his chief's.

It is painful, sir, to contemplate such callousness on the part of a Government, but the truth should be known. The letters of recommendation which the Government received from the noble Lord Houndsditch and the illustrious Sir Ralph Mosenberg have had no effect. The intense loyalty to the Radical "Barty" aroused among our imported citizens by the 7,854 leading articles denouncing the House of Lords, the Tariff Reform movement, and the Aliens Act have excited no gratitude in the Government's breast, and the inestimable services rendered the Radical "Barty" by the publication of those thousands of "pars" concerning prospective winners have received no recognition. The names of the editor and his assistant are as destitute of handles as when the J.P. was brought from Brummagem, and the "pathriot" from Ireland.

JOSEPH BANISTER.

June 29th.

THE ETYMOLOGY OF "DODGE."

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—While partly agreeing with Mr. Mayhew in rejecting the derivation of "dodge" from the French *douger*, to trip, as proposed by Mr. E. Weekley, I do not see why the word's real history may not be traced with something like certainty.

To begin with I should place the verb in the same category as "nudge," "smudge," and "fudge," rather than with

"lodge," which is the anglicised form of French *loger*. "Nudge" is a variant of the Scotch *nodge*, to push or strike with the knuckles, which, according to the "Cent. Dict.," is an assimilated form of "knock," or perhaps even connected with "nod." "Smudge," M.E. *smogen*, and its variant "smutch" are clearly derived from "smoke," A.S. *smeocan*, while "fudge," to concoct, connects itself with "fadge," to fit. As to "dodge" itself, I have little doubt that it is a frequentative of "dog," to harrass, the primary meaning being to chase with dogs. As has been shown already in these columns, the earliest sense of "dodge" was to walk unsteadily; while Torriani (1659) gives *dogge*, vacillare, and Florio (1598) to waver, move inconstantly, and the N.E.D. to move to and fro as in Lat. *divagari*. The "English Dialect Dictionary" has s.v. "dodge," to go at a slow pace, to follow in the track of a person or animal, and quotes the Yorkshire idiom, "dodging away after the foxhounds," which seems to bridge over the hiatus between the two words. As an illustration of the source of the modern meaning of "dodge" I would mention the persistency with which a young or favourite dog will attempt to follow its master or mistress in their rambles after being beckoned or driven home. The N.E.D.'s first quotation of "to dog" is from Horman's Vulgate (1519), "our ennemys dogged us at the backe."

For the change of *g* into *dge* compare the A.S. forms *hrycg*, *ecg*, *wecg*, *hecg*, *secg*, and *lig* or *leg* (Icelandic *lög*), which produced respectively "ridge," "edge," "wedge," "hedger," "kedger," and "ledge"; while A.S. *dosga* and *dogge* yield "dog" and "dodge." Hence I regard "dodge" as a doublet of "dog," the verb being, of course, the precursor of the substantives "dodge" and "dodger."

I am, sir,

Yours etc.,

N. W. H.

New York, June 22.

ANSWERS TO CRITICISM.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—I beg to be allowed to reply to the remarks made in respect of my letter in your last issue by two of your correspondents, Messrs. W. C. M. and E. Wake Cook.

To the former I have the honour to say that if I had intended to use "English orators" in a general sense I should have been bound by all English grammars to drop the *definite* article before the word English, and I should have had to modify my sentence accordingly.

With reference to the relative pronoun, I could not use *that* instead of *whom*, having been taught by the authors of "The King's English" to consider "The relative *that* used of persons" as "archaic," except, of course, after superlatives (Shakespeare is the *greatest* poet *that* England has produced). I, therefore, suffered myself to be finally guided by Morell's Grammar, in which I found a sentence that is just like mine, so far as punctuation goes: "You, whom I loved beyond all others, were my strongest opponent"; secondly, by my humble reasoning, as *explanatory phrases* are separated by commas, why shall not *explanatory sentences* enjoy the same privilege, as Murray indirectly suggests? Example: The persons, whom conscience and virtue support, may smile at the caprices of fortune.—L. Murray.

With regard to my other critic (Mr. E. Wake Cook), I beg that he may be kind enough to allow me to let Quintilian and Nesfield answer on my behalf:

(a) "By perspicuity or clearness of diction," says Quintilian, "care is taken, not that the reader *may* understand, if he *will*, but that he *must* understand, whether he *will* or *not*."

(b) "Of all qualities of style," corroborates Nesfield, "the one that is of most general use is Perspicuity (or clearness of diction); for if the writer does not make himself *understood*, he writes to *no purpose*."

A FRENCH LINGUIST.

"ELIZABETH VISITS AMERICA" (P. 155).

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—*"S'il était resté, c'eût été la même chose. Son type ne me dit rien,"* put into the mouth of a French lady's maid—is not this English-French or American-French rather than native French? Would not a Frenchwoman more probably have said: *"S'il fut resté, ça m'aurait été égal,"* or *"ça m'aurait été kif-kif. Ce type là ne me chante pas,"* or *"ne me botte pas?"* *"C'eût été"* is inelegant if not ungrammatical. As an *arbitrator elegantiarum* will you express your judgment?

Pron.

FEMININE FICTION.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It is a sign of the times, and a significant one, that the members of the Mothers' Union have unanimously resolved at their last committee meeting to start a campaign against the circulation of "prurient and demoralising literature." The resolution is excellent, but it might have been more happily worded, for what is "prurient and demoralising" can never be literature. They are contradictions in terms. Of course, what the Mothers' Union are really protesting against is the sale of pornographic fiction. This is another thing altogether. But in this slipshod age, when words have largely lost their meaning, the expression "literature" is applied to practically anything that happens to be printed—from a railway time-table to a newspaper serial.

A good deal of ink has lately been spilled about the necessity, or the reverse, of maintaining a dramatic censorship. To the minds of many people, however, what is far more wanted than a censorship of playwrights is a censorship of novelists. And more especially is this required in the case of women novelists. While men, to their lasting shame, dabble in dirt under the guise of fiction, they nevertheless exercise a certain amount of restraint. Where women are concerned, however, they seem to let restraint go by the board altogether once they have made up their minds to stray in the same unsavoury field. Men's novels are often coarse, but their coarseness is usually honest and open, instead of being wrapped up in suggestiveness. This is why "Tom Jones" is, on the whole, much more suitable for family reading than such works as, say, "The Visits of —." Unblushing grossness is objectionable, but indecency masquerading as "realism" is far worse.

The theme of practically all feminine fiction nowadays is that of sex. It appears to exert an irresistible attraction over feminine pens. Every plot centres round either two women and one passion, or two passions and one woman (the latter for preference). Hence, we get an eternal diet of resurrection-pie. For fear, apparently, it should go bad—as often happens to such dishes—their authors season it with what they fondly imagine to be realism, but which, as a matter of fact, is nothing more nor less than lubricity. Yet they seek to justify their excursions into these unpleasant paths by the preposterous contention that they are thereby copying De Maupassant and Flaubert! If at the same time they would only copy a fiftieth part of the cleverness and charm that animate the work of such writers, there would be little cause for complaint. All these erotically-inclined ladies seem able to do, however, is to let their emotions run riot through page after page, and chapter after chapter, in a manner that makes the decently-minded reader look anxiously round for a disinfectant. Only the other day a woman novelist prefaced a piece of pornography she had written with the naïve observation that her heroine was "beyond the laws of ordinary morality." The motif of this choice effort—entitled "Three Squeaks," or something of the sort—concerned a disgraceful liason between a married woman, living apart from her husband, and a susceptible young bachelor, whom she pursued after the fashion of Potiphar's wife. Instead of denouncing this hysterical and mischievous trash half the reviewers hailed it as a flight of genius, and the publishers were consequently able to advertise it as being among "the six best selling books in England."

To argue that objectionable novels would not be written if there were no demand for them is merely to argue in a vicious circle. The demand exists. The thing to do accordingly is to refrain from pandering to it. Hence the people who publish them are quite as much to blame as the people who write them. If anything, indeed, they are more so, for while only the mind of the author is debauched by writing an immoral book the minds of perhaps thousands of people into whose hands it falls are debauched by reading it. There are publishers, too, who (aided and abetted by unscrupulous newspaper proprietors) cater for the most depraved tastes by blatantly advertising these works in terms that should call for the active intervention of Scotland Yard. The gutter-press organs, too, play into their hands by printing as "literary intelligence" the suggestively-worded paragraphs with which certain notorious firms herald such productions. That these announcements are deliberately designed to appeal to the baser instincts is beyond question. Here, for example, is a specimen "par." that the editor of a halfpenny paper recently admitted to his columns:—

Messrs. Long and Strong (the correct name will be supplied on application, accompanied by a stamped and

addressed envelope) will shortly issue — by Miss So-and-so, the great woman novelist. The story she unfolds is specially daring, dealing as it does with a remarkably intimate subject, and one that is usually discussed only in private. By many old-fashioned people — will doubtless be regarded with astonishment. Some, for instance, will think it speaks too plainly, while others, etc.

A second delectable work of the same nature is described by its publishers as "shocking, but well told." This, like so many other *ex parte* utterances emanating from Paternoster Row, or the purlieus of the Haymarket, is only a half truth. Indeed, so far as the writing went there is scarcely a servant girl who would not have made a better job of it.

Although Sunday papers are as a rule less squeamish than week-day ones, and accordingly give a more generous measure of Divorce Court details and similar choice items of news, some of them, nevertheless, seem to realise that it is high time to cry "halt!" in this output of garbage by feminine pens. Here, for example, is an extract from a leading article on the subject that lately appeared in one of these organs:

Undoubtedly no one has written more daring books in modern times than certain women novelists. They certainly rival one another in the refined way in which they seek for the objectionable in life, and in the pains they take to portray every fleshly and erotic detail. Their books are on daring subjects, and they are intended to be daring.

It is true that this protest immediately preceded an account of an illegal operation; still, it is none the less called for.

But the ladies who serve up emetics between book covers can always advance special pleas for raking in a muck-heap. One of their number, when interviewed on the subject, recently informed a reporter in search of free "copy," that "the novel is a work of art, and, like all other works of art, exists to give pleasure and delight, to amuse, to charm. A beautiful novel, like any other beautiful work of art, does elevate, for the contemplation of the beautiful is always soul-uplifting and inspiring. This I claim my own books to be." Well, a novel may be a "work of art," certainly. There is no law against it. The fact, however, remains that only three per cent. at the most of the annual output of fiction—masculine and feminine together—comes within this category. As for the other 97 per cent., quite a considerable proportion of it is merely vulgar, slipshod illiterateness, that is written for no higher purpose than to gratify the greed or vanity of their authors. Even if it be not actually immoral, much of it is markedly un-moral. The people whom it injures are not grown men and women (who, after all, can take care of themselves), but romantic girls and half-fledged boys. These get their ideas from what they read. They do not themselves buy novels, except to a very limited extent (preferring very properly to spend their pocket-money on dolls and sweets), but their fond parents present them with a guinea subscription to a "Select" Library. If at the same time they also took the trouble to exercise some sort of supervision over the reading-matter in which their offspring indulge, no great harm would be done by thus giving them the run of a circulating library. But this seems to be almost the last thing about which parents trouble their heads.

It is no good saying that objectionable novels ought not to be written, and it is worse than useless for reviewers to describe them as such. This merely stimulates their sale. The output of salacious fiction will never be stamped out, or even kept within limits, until some means are devised of touching the pockets and liberty of all who deal in it—authors, publishers, and booksellers alike. One or two of the better-managed libraries certainly endeavour to cope with the evil by exercising a wild sort of censorship and studiously refusing to circulate garbage; but the great mass of libraries and booksellers blandly ignore their responsibilities in the matter and do not hesitate to act as distributing agents. Again, there are authors so lost to all sense of propriety that they actually welcome the fact of being able to advertise their abominations as "Suppressed by Smiths," or "Banned by Boots." They find by experience that such an announcement will cause an edition to "move" quicker than anything else. If the Mothers' Union is to lessen the evil it must make a start nearer the fountain head. Parents and guardians might very well begin by denying themselves the perusal of objectionable fiction. Libraries and booksellers would then cease to stock these works; and authors, finding them no longer "in demand," would accordingly cease to write them.

A REVIEWER.

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The Stolen Racer. By Nat Gould. John Long, 1s. net.
Priests of Progress. By G. Colmore. Stanley Paul, 1s. net.
Stolen Honey. By Ada and Dudley James. Stanley Paul, 6s.
A Professional Rider. By Mrs. Edward Kennard. Stanley Paul, 1s. net.
Oliver. By H. C. ff. Castleman. John Long, 6s.
A White Lie. By G. R. Beardmore. John Long, 6s.

MAGAZINES

Travel and Exploration; Socialist Review; Popular; Agricultural Economist; Century; Cornhill; Fortnightly; Smith's; Ainslee's; The Art Journal; Blackwood's.

MISCELLANEOUS

- The Maniac.* A Realistic Study of Madness. From the Maniac's Point of View. Rebman, 6s.
A Tramp's Schooling. By A. N. Cooper, M.A. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d. net.
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